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THE BEQUEST OF

EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
(CLASS OF 1882)

OF NEW YORK

1918

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RT. HON. GEO. CANNING.

MY MARE GIP.

WOOLTON GREEN:

A DOMESTIC TALE;

WITH

Other Miscellaneous Poems.

BY JOHN SHAW,
(OF THROSTLE NEST, WALTON, NEAR LIVERPOOL)
Late of the
Theatres Royal, York, Hull, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, &c.

Dedicated (without Permission)

TO THE RT. HON. GEORGE CANNING.

LIVERPOOL:

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1918

DEDICATED

TO THE RT. HON. GEO. CANNING.

In dedicating the first efforts of my humble Muse to so disinterested an individual as the Right Honorable Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, it is necessary to say something by way of palliating what must otherwise appear a flagrant and unwarrantable liberty in presuming to make his honored name a passport for my puerile numbers to the world. My conduct may appear the more vituperable, as I do it without permission—but when I explain my motives, I trust the Right Honorable Gentleman will excuse the liberty, and the world acquit me of any unworthy motives.

Not to go into an overstrained exordium on the subject, I shall adhere to the plain matter of fact—this work being entirely a Liverpool production, (a town very backward in its literary attainments, for had it not been that our lamented Dr. Currie, and the revered Roscoe rescued its name from oblivion, I believe the Literati would only have known Liverpool as we know Tombuctoo or Kamtschatka, by reading of them in Park's Travels, or Captain Cook's Voyages) I think it a point of

duty, as a small tribute of respect, to lay them at the feet of the ablest representative, the steadiest advocate, and the truest friend that Liverpool ever had, or perhaps ever will have. And in doing so, I feel confident I am but the faint echo of that general sentiment of gratitude and esteem, felt, not only by my fellow townsmen, but by the community at large, for his impartial, disinterested, and conciliating qualities as a minister, and his upright and spirited conduct as a man.

In asking his forgiveness for the liberty I have taken, I only feel one sentiment of regret, and that is occasioned by the unworthiness of this my first production; but should it meet encouragement beyond what I at present anticipate, it is not improbable but I may make another effort. However this may be, I trust I shall be pardoned for having laid the first fruits of my pen at the feet of one, who will ever ("whilst memory holds her seat,") possess the esteem, gratitude and respect of

His devoted,

Humble servant,

JOHN SHAW.

erpool, 8th January, 1825.

PREFACE.

When a young Author ventures the first Offspring of his Muse into the World, though nursed in affluence, graced with every accomplishment which can be derived from academical sources, and well stored with classic knowledge, still there is a degree of diffidence and trepidation, which it is impossible to divest himself of. He feels that anxiety and solicitude for the welfare of his newly fledged hopes, he watches over its ærial flight with a parent's eye.

With what anxiety, then, must *I* watch the first offspring of *my* Muse—emerging into an accomplished world, without possessing one of those advantages which I have feebly endeavoured to describe. Born in obscurity, nursed in the lap of industry, my juvenile store of learning being gained in the school of nature, the early employments of my life, were to assist in the cultivation of a farm, whose soil was as stubborn and unprofitable as I fear my poor Muse will be; yet, it is a source of pleasure to me, when I reflect on the rural scenery of my native home, and with what extasy and *delight my memory* dwells on those peaceful

evenings, when I have wandered through my native woods, and carolled my wild melodies, whilst echo, ever faithful to my song, repeated back the strain.

At fifteen, I was transplanted to more polished society; it was then I was convinced what a weed I was; but my employer soon became unfortunate, and I was doomed to be removed again. Rather than return to plough the land, I tried to plough the ocean!—this arduous employment, I found, afforded less opportunities of cultivating the mind, than my early pursuits in life; I therefore sought out something fresh. Chance, or Fortune, threw me into the School of Thespis, and my wild notes that recommended me to the sweet Lady of the Woods, now gained me the warm plaudits of a generous Public. Here it was, that I found "I had reached the right reading at last." And lest I should never meet the Public again, as an Author, I will here pay that tribute of respect so justly due to that much neglected profession! I found them a generous, open-hearted crew—willing to share their last six-pence, with a brother in distress! and to them I owe the little talent I possess, for I there found that information, and instruction, my soul so much thirsted after! How I have employed it, I *will leave the world* to judge. I have quitted that

profession for a more profitable one, but the members of it will ever possess my esteem, my regard, for they are take them as a body, a people "more sinned against than sinning." As I have a work in contemplation, whose hero is theatrical, (if this meet a tolerable reception) I shall forbear saying more at present. I have despatched this as an æronaut sends his pilot, to see which way the wind blows: if it attain a proper height, and is not encountered with overwhelming storms of criticism, the great machine will ascend ere long, and its æroslation commence under more confident and auspicious hopes of a successful voyage.

Thou Argus-eyed, fastidious Critic, be not too severe—when thou passest thy judgment on the article, take into consideration and account, the raw material from which it was manufactured! be generous, yet be just! or in other words, temper thy justice with mercy. But pass me not by unnoticed, or I shall construe that into cold neglect, which will kill my future hopes, and thou wilt never hear from me again.

There is a crime amongst Authors, which I feel confident I shall not be charged with, I allude to Plagiarism: I am not conscious of having borrowed any man's style, and I am quite confident I have

borrowed no man's ideas. There is not one in ten of the British Poets, that I have ever seen, and not one in twenty that I have ever read; however, there is no saying what I may be accused of for all this,---time will show.

I have read the observations of a great Author, who asserts, "that if you feel your own writing, you cannot fail creating sympathy in your readers." If this be a just criterion, I am rather sanguine of my Poem called "WOOLTON GREEN." I am not ashamed of acknowledging it cost me more tears than any Author I ever read, except Bloomfield, and that divine Poet has, with skilful hand, touched the master-chords of the human heart! whoever reads that Child of Nature, without being affected, may have other amiable qualities to recommend him in society, but I envy no one of his acquaintance.

Throstle Nest, Walton,
Dec. 1, 1824.

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WOOLTON GREEN;

A Poem.

WOOLTON GREEN.

IN Halewood's valley, Henry's parents dwelt,
RICHARD and SALLY, known and lov'd by all;
At Sorrow's tale their hearts were wont to melt!
Their means were never spar'd at Pity's call;
HENRY, their only child—their darling joy,
Their early hope, their pride. Their ev'ning pray'r,
In sweet simplicity, was offer'd for their boy,
That God would make him his peculiar care,

Would guard his morals, strengthen him with grace,
Bless him with health, and life, and happy days!
If pray'rs thus offer'd, in Heav'n may find a place,
Their influence must protect his earthly ways.
Full twice three years have past, since school he quitted—
He now in manly form conspicuous shines;
In circles mercantile he's now admitted,
And goodly promise bears for future times.

Nearly a Passion.

His graceful person, and his manly form,
Dimpling eye, and cheek of healthful glow;
His temper candid, open as the morn;
Yet mark his look, 'twas terror to a foe;—
Friendship and Love contended for his heart,
He meant to both, yet neither could decide
Which Victor was, for they were ne'er apart;
A magnet twas fix'd, both in his heart shall bide!

The crowded port, O Mersey! was the scene,
The port that stands so high pre-eminent,
Where wealthy sons, who's peerless beauties beam,
Thus strangers' love-stored hearts make brittle tenement;
Who, that has seen thy bumper-toasted witches!
Who has the battery of their charms withstood?
Their sweet expressive eyes, which love enriches,
Winning the anchorite, and warming stoics' blood.

'Twas here that Henry stor'd his youthful mind,
'Twas here sweet Rosa twin'd their hearts in one;
Young lovely Rosa, fairest of woman kind!
The heart she stole, was mourn'd not when 'twas gone!
Flush'd was her cheek with health, her eye was blue,
Her bosom! sure 'twas cast in Venus' mould!
Her waving locks were like the golden clew,
Warm the heart, be't ne'er so cold.

Sally's Ideas of Rosa.

Two summers now had smil'd upon their loves,
The third had cloth'd the field and verdant bow'r,
Sally had heard, and hearing not approves,
Resolves to steal on their unguarded hour!
On this, she cogitates and forms each plan;
Tho' quiet Richard's in her plan not seen,
(For he thro' life, was still the easy man)
At length she's fix'd—"they'll be at WOOLTON GREEN!"

Her plan now form'd, she Richard thus address'd:—
"I'm 'fraid that lad of our's is going t' get married,
And since I've heard on't, I have had no rest;
For I'm resolv'd his plan shall not be carried;
The meadow's mow'd, the hay is got in stack—
The washing's o'er—the baking it can stand—
You'st take a stick and lay it o'er his back,
Whilst I belabour her with my own hand.

"Some minxing, frippering jade, that's bred i'th' town,
Has coax'd the lad, I warrant, with her ways—
To church she'll get him with her flashy gown,
Then make him wretched all the rest o'th' days;
We'll put an end to't—come, to-morrow's morn
I'll lay my life they'll be at Woolton Green;
My shoes are *easy—to-night* you'st cut my corn,
And how she'll beating stand, shall there be seen."

Sally's Preparations.

The rest o'th' day in making each arrangement,
Sally was busied, whilst Richard smoak'd his pipe ;
Domestic work to keep from such derangement,
As might befall—all things are now put right ;
Each side the fire they're seated left and right,
And Sally hard at Richard's mildness grumbles,
And says, "My Harry ! he'll be ruin'd quite"—
He, sleeping, nods assent—the pipe it tumbles.

"Was ever woman plagued like me, I wonder ?
A sleepy husband, and a forward son :
Whom, now, I fear we never shall keep under,
I don't know what i'th' world will e'er be done."
Here, Richard wakens, rubs his eyes and blinks,
And in his easy manner thus he spoke :—
"Patience," Sally, "perhaps 'tisn't so bad ast' thinks,
He may but love this girl, mayhap' in joke."

Now Sally's temper flew—she could not stand it,
So Richard crept him quietly to bed ;
He knew, by talking, he could never mend it,
So thought it best to rest his aged head.
She grumbled much, and chunner'd to herself,
And practis'd on the morrow what she'd say,
Then lay by Richard, on his bed of health,
And slept, at whiles, beyond the break of day.

Description of the Morning.

The morn was sweet, when Richard op'd his eyes—
The birds at casement were most sweetly singing—
Bright Phœbus had with splendour gilt the skies—
The lovely grove was now with music ringing,
He rises happy—the accustom'd pray'r is said,
He essays to dress, and follow homely toil,
When, unexpected, Sally rais'd her head,
And said her pray'r, and Henry bless'd the while.

Thus, rose in health, this aged couple true,
Like our first parents, whilst with Eden blest;
Ere toil was irksome, pleasures, ever new,
Spontaneous sprung, from morn till evening rest;
But Sally's temper ap'd not gentle Eve's,
She still urg'd Richard on, to chastise Harry,
And at the girl he's chose, she frets and grieves,
And vows this forward jade he shall not marry!

The forenoon pass'd in bustle, thought and fixing,
In laying Richard's clothes out, what to wear,
For colors worn with her judicious mixing,
Could Richard make as smart as any there;
His coat was drab, and ancient was the cut—
Long in the flaps—and scarlet was his vest—
His silver buckles cover'd half the foot—
His hat, for antique form, surpass'd the rest;—

Richard's Dress.

Large it was in brim, and low in crown—
His small-clothes had been blackest velvateen;
Not now unlike his hat, for that was brown,
Or rather brown and black, or what's between;
His neat white collar, o'er his 'kerchief lay'd—
His hair comb'd straight—his stockings neatly speckl'd,
And Sally's dress in chest had long been lay'd—
The milliner her bonnet newly fettled.

Two hours the sun had pass'd the time of noon—
This ancient couple make a start at last;
Richard's afraid they'll not be there too soon,
And Sally scolds, and says he walks too fast;
And still she tutors Richard how to treat him,
And states how she will drub the flouncing jade,
"And if he's proud, or saucy, you must beat him!
I wish we'd taught the lad some humbler trade!"

As on they journey'd, little worthy notice
Occur'd to either—Sally rather grumbled—
Her corn it pains—her shoe, it rather short is—
The stones are hard, and now and then she stumbled.
At length they reach the gay and lively scene,
The rustic revelry is at the height;
Who has not liv'd to witness Woolton Green,
Has miss'd a treat would cheer the stoic's sight!

The Dance.

Arcadian scenes are once more here restor'd—
The lovely maids with captivating charms,
By swains as artless, are with truth ador'd,
As through the mazy dance they fold their arms;
And now the lovely nymphs, their garlands bear,
Deck'd with each fragrant sweet that Flora yields;
Yet, not so lovely, soft, or sweet, or fair
As that lov'd bosom which the garland shields.

In other bowers are men of riper years,
Who, with their dames, have come once more to taste
The joys of youth, and laugh away their cares,
To pride in healthy sons, and daughters chaste;
And whilst the enliv'ning bowl goes freely round,
Each tells his jocund tale of youthful prance,
Till age warm'd up—to music beats the ground—
Forgets rheumatic pain, and joins the dance.

On this gay scene, Sally and Richard enters,
With walking much fatigued, and rather heated,
As they approach, each old acquaintance ventures,
And now with smiles and cheers they're warmly greeted;
For many years had pass'd since this gay spot
Had hail'd the presence of this well-lov'd pair,
Or they so far had ventured from their cot,
That roof, where all who went, found welcome there!

Meeting of Friends.

With old acquaintance met—they now are seated
In friendly harbour—Richard's pipe is fill'd,
He talks and smokes, with punch is freely treated,
Whilst all around, with laughter's nearly kill'd,
To hear his droll remarks, and tell his story,
What errand him and Sally's com'n upon;
The punch has warm'd, and Richard's in his glory,
And now he jeers with Ralph, or jokes with Tom.

Sally has told her tale amongst her friends,
Who's sympathy with hers is freely join'd;
And, tho' she Henry's duty still commends,
Declares this love affair disturbs her mind;
And round her still her eyes are cast in vain,
And from each well-known friend inquiry made,
"If they of Henry's form a sight should gain,
To let her know—their trouble should be paid."

But none has Henry seen, and now she fears
Their toil and labour must their pains requite,
Though, she's not Woolton seen for many years,
She now regrets she came—and wish'd for night;
But now the opening crowd announce the coming
Of some gay stranger, who's in carriage borne,
But not with pride his old acquaintance shunning,
He freely nods, and smiles, and speaks in turn.

Sally's appris'd—'tis Henry's sight that cheers!
She hears the friendly greetings he receives!
Her heart rebounds with joy! she knows no fears!
And now, that here they came, no more she grieves.
"And what sweet lady is't that sits beside him?"
Was buzz'd around the crowd, but none could tell,
And still they wish'd and pray'd "May good betide him,
His parents kind, he always lov'd so well."

Henry, now, with joy his parents greeted,
Surprise it was most sweet, to find them there;
With love and fond embrace his mother treated,
His father of such fondness did beware;
For he'd been caution'd by his faithful Sally,
Not to shew fondness, or express delight,
But that his word and look should nicely tally,
And teach their son obedience was his right.

At humble distance lovely Rosa stood,
Till Henry gently took her by the hand,
And introduced her to his mother good—
Here, eye met eye, and all in silence stand!
But Rosa's, pensive droop'd, and met the earth—
Sweet modest emblem of her heart! (as pure
As that chaste snow, ere clouds have given it birth)
The wound it has receiv'd, 'tis love must cure.

Description of Rosa.

Unveil'd she stood, not like an earthly thing,
But more a goddess for the sylvan tribe—
A diamond mine—a dow'ry for a king,
Or still more fitting for Apollo's bride;
Her dress was green, and wrought in Indian loom—
A clasp of gold and chain her bosom press'd,
And in her hat there wav'd the ostrich plume—
Grace and lovely elegance compos'd the rest.

Sweet lovely woman! never know thy pow'r;
Soft bashful modesty becomes thee best;
'Tis thy sweet look must cheer man's lonely hour—
Thy haughty frown would add to all the rest
Of bitter grief, and ills that man must bear,
As journeying through this vale, this vale of tears—
If blest with thee, thou'lt banish ev'ry care,
Convert our hours to days, and days to years.

The day is not enough—the night's too short—
My lyre's too weak, too feeble for thy praise—
Thou mainspring of my heart! do thou retort!
And smiling, lovely woman! crown my lays—
I love the jewels!—man's better part on earth!
I'll cherish! guard! protect them if I can!
What monsters had we been, had they no birth!—
A joyless, wandering outcast, had been man!

Kind, gentle reader! pardon this digression,
The theme I touch'd upon inspir'd my pen,
And fill'd my heart beyond my weak expression;
The subject dropp'd—my tale's resum'd again.
Sally had gaz'd, with admiration gaz'd
On Rosa's charms, her form, her modest mien,
With love paternal, now her arms are rais'd,
And Rosa's clasp'd, and fondly press'd between.

"My lovely girl," she said, but tears now flow'd,
"How have I wrong'd thee, ere I knew thy worth!
For nature never charms like thine bestow'd,
But virtues, corresponding, grac'd the birth;
And dost thou love my Harry, tell me true?
Come hither, Richard, you never mind one bit—
Now, Richard, Sally's counsel kept in view,
He came, and stamp'd his foot, and shook his stick.

For, tho' he notic'd how the table's turn'd,
He kept conceal'd, and thought he'd shew his duty,
And all remonstrance for awhile he spurn'd,
And said, "He valued neither sex nor beauty;
Our Sally brought me here to beat you both,
And do you think I'll fail in———" "Do be quiet,
Richard, *you see that* I am nothing loath
To reconcilement—would you breed a riot?

"Can you behold this lovely, charming creature,
And raise your hand or stick to do her harm;
I'm sure, now Richard, 'tis not in your nature,
To hurt her mind, or give the least alarm."
Now Richard shrewdly guess'd how such things ends,
But shew'd this sturdy strife to save his credit,
And now they all sit down the best of friends.
Richard enjoys his pipe, and quaffs the spirit.

Sally with Rosa is so much delighted,
She will not part with her, though Henry sues,
That for his journey he may be requited,
With her to lead the dance—which to refuse,
Sally feels half inclin'd—she's so much pleas'd
With Rosa's personal charms, and conversation,
And by this interview her mind's so eas'd,
That Rosa's all in all, of approbation.

Unwillingly she yields her up to Harry,
With graceful ease she leads the rural dance,
With sweet complacency her form did carry,
At whiles, she threw a smile of love askance,
To faithful Sally, who had left the bow'r,
And stood with laughing eyes, and heart of glee,
To see the Nymphs and Swains beguile the hour,
And every smile of love, her eye could see!

Rustic Amusement.

Sweet, happy hours, enjoy them while you can,
Give loose to mirth, and let the big heart glow!
Let love meet love, sole comforter of man!
The next is big with fate for ought you know;
Sweet rustic virgins! gaily beat the ground!
Your eyes, like sparkling sun-beams pierce the heart!
These laughing hours may never more be found—
Then, ere they steal away, enjoy each part!

Voluptuous indolence, and courtly pride!
Here, see enjoyments which ye ne'er can taste!
Here, love and innocence stand side by side,
Pure, God-like love, that scorns a sigh to waste;
Coquetish jilting frippery is not known,
The rustic swain forbears to say he loves,
'Tis not till Phœbe's power his heart has known,
That, once disclos'd—with life's best blood he proves.

The Nubian Lion's not so fierce as he,
If once intruded on by rival steps,
From danger, fire, or sword, he'll never flee,
But, spurning fate, upon his foe he leaps,
And deals out vengeance with a sinewy arm,
Nor thinks the blood he spills is idly shed—
So Nature's *chang'd,* when Love has caught the alarm,
And looks on death, nor knows nor fear, nor dread.

Preparing to Depart.

But here, the Sylvan group is form'd of love,
Each has his mate—here eye and heart agree!
With smiles of tenderness each strives to prove
His faith, his truth, his love, his constancy;
And graceful Rosa claims the smiles of all!
She moves and looks a Ceres of the grove!
Or some bright Goddess, whom the clouds let fall,
To crown this rural scene with joy and love.

With heartfelt joy did Sally view the scene,
Until her eye by chance it caught the west;
Bright Sol was sinking in the ocean green,
And tipp'd the trees with gold, ere sunk to rest!
She beckons Rosa from the happy throng,
And Henry sends to let his father know
"There's many stiles, and lanes that's very long,
And now, my dear sweet Rosa, we must go."

Richard was found amongst a happy crew,
Delighted, and delighting all around!
But soon as Sally's wish he learnt, and knew,
He rose, and straight prepar'd to leave the ground;
And now, the happy group is much intreated
By old and young, who press them much to stay:
And beg for one half-hour they will be seated,
Ere they proceed to journey on their way.

Taking Leave.

But Sally's fix'd, and gets old Richard's arm;
And now a sweet good night they bid to all;
With friendship, love, and punch, his heart's so warm,
He cannot leave without a parting bowl;—
"I've not seen Woolton Green this many a year,
It minds me of those youthful days that's past,
Then let this friendly bowl your bosoms cheer—
God bless you all!—I'm sure it is the last

"That ever I shall take at this sweet place;
Kind friends and old acquaintance, fare you well!"
What mov'd the heart, you in the eye might trace,
It spoke more plain than my poor lyre can tell.
"Now, Sally, take my arm—Rosa, my dear,
Take thou the other, and help us on our way—
Harry, my boy, thou star'd to see us here,
I'll tell thee all about it some other day."

They clear the village, stroll down Brewer's Lane,
The squire's meadow too is left behind,
The parting's come, which gives old Sally pain,
And now, without restraint, she speaks her mind:—
"Henry, my love, thou art our only joy,
We never had, nor wish'd a child but thee,
Shouldst *thou run wild,* 'twould all our peace destroy,
Then, listen, Henry, to thy sire and me:—

Pleasing Reflections.

"We love this Rosa, and we wish thee wed,
That town's a dangerous place for youth to be in,
We wish to breath a blessing on thy head,
Ere call'd to meet the Author of our being;
But if with cruel heart or treacherous vow,
Thou ever wound thy Rosa's peace of mind,
I tell thee, Henry, mark! I tell thee now,
I'll scorn and hate thee worse than all mankind."

"My Rosa, mother, you've never seen till now,
But, much I am rejoic'd that you approve,
For, here, in sight of Heav'n, she hath my vow
Of fix'd, unchang'd, irrevocable love!
Nay, weep not, Rosa! raise thy orphan'd head!
Those tears that flow, I hope, are tears of joy"—
They mix'd with Sally's, on her bosom shed,
While Richard join'd their hands, and bless'd his boy.

"Sweet Rosa, will you condescend to come
And share our dwelling, in a humble way,
In peace and comfort, you shall find a home,
Where hearts are light, and cheerful as the day,
Our garden, Richard's hobby, will delight you,
And Henry'll ride to see us every eve,
He shall with heart of truth so well requite you,
That, loving our sweet cot, you'll never leave."

She look'd assent, her heart was over charg'd
With grateful feelings for this kindness shown;
It palpitated, beat, it throbb'd, enlarg'd,
But utterance was refus'd, its sense to own.
Now twilight grey assumes a deeper hue,
And fainter, gleams the light in western sky,
Hesper had lit his lamp, and Venus too,
With twinkling beauty charms the lover's eye.

"Henry, my son, good night! we now must part,
I'm sorry we have kept thee here so late,
But, 'twas the fondness of thy mother's heart,
A heart that has such interest in thy fate;
Rosa, my love, a mother's blessing on thee!
Should Henry prove a traitor to thy love,
His mother's face he never more must see,
Whilst breath remains, thy friend she'll ever prove."

With friendship, love, and tears, "good night!" was said—
The happy lovers now retrace their steps;
Richard and Sally, homeward on they stray'd,
So gay, so happy—they've forgot old pets;
But, Richard's got the whip-hand, now, of Sally:—
"I'm thinking how thou beat that wench at th' Green,
('Twas thus, *in joke, his* partner he would rally)
And now thou thinks her quite as good as th' Queen."

"Richard! enough—you know I cannot bear it!
You shouldn't reap up things that's best forgot,
Whatever evil threats, you ought to share it,
You share the comforts of our little cot!"
"Tis granted, Sally, and I do not blame
Thy feeling heart, but 'tis thy temper's haste,
Thou meet'st thy troubles by its ardent flame—
I knew the lad had got his father's taste,

"And therefore would not choose a town-bred dawdle,
But beauty, health, and elegance combin'd,
Who would not through the day go mope and mawdle,
But one with life and heart, and strength of mind."
"Why, Richard, I must confess you have a taste,
And none knows how to choose a woman better;
In choosing me, you were not much disgrac'd,
Tho' I can scold sometimes, I'm not a fretter."

Whilst such remarks as these beguile the way,
A distant light through verdant break is seen,
Their watchful Alice mourns departed day,
With open door she waits upon the green,
And listens through the silence of the night,
If she can catch their well-known voices' sound;
The glow-worm in the hedge displays his light,
The corn-crake grinds his song upon the ground;

Home.

The distant watch-dog she can hear from far,
Whose bark she knows, familiar to her ear,
And well the youth he guards; yon ev'ning star
Has seen him tell the tale to Alice dear—
How well he loves her, how much wages sav'd,
How bless'd and happy'll be their married lot,
How Farmer Flail his husbandry has crav'd,
With decent wages and a homely cot.

As thus she ruminates, a pleasing sound
Steals on her ear, but not distinct to know—
She knows them now—and o'er the dewy ground
She flies to meet, what makes her heart to glow,
Richard and Sally, sadly tired, I trow,
But joyful greeting smiles in ev'ry face,
For twenty years they'd never left till now,
So long at once, their native dwelling place.

"Alice, my faithful girl, give me thy arm,
I see the cheerful blaze that gilds my cot—
Is supper ready?"——"Aye, and nice and warm;
So tell me mistress—tell what news you've got;
Is Henry going to throw himself away?"
"He is, my wench, but on a lovely creature,
As bright and blooming as the flow'rs in May,
And th' brightest flow'r she bears, is sweet good nature.

Advice to Alice.

"She comes next week to stop with us—so mind
Thou cleans our parlour nice, and rubs the chairs,
And clean the curtain, too, and wash the blind,
And make the bed-room neat, that's up the stairs;
For she is quite the lady—yet, so free!
And is so fond of Henry, thou'd be surpris'd."
"O dear! I am so glad! I'll work, youst see—
Our house you shall not know, so much bedis'd."

They now are roof'd, and each in elbow chair,
Richard is hearty, and has fill'd his pipe;
The table's spread with good and wholesome fare,
They thank their God, and happy, close the night;—
Sweet be your slumbers, 'neath the roof of straw!
No cankering worldly strife disturbs your breast;
They fear no pow'r but God, and Nature's law
Guards and protects them in their needful rest.

When Henry parted with his parents kind,
With lovely Rosa, back his steps retrac'd,
Still fond and lingering looks were cast behind,
Till form and voice was lost in dewy waste;
His arm encircles now that lovely form,
He stole a kiss, an honest one, by Heav'n!
More welcome, never was the break of morn
To dreary mariner, on ocean driv'n.

"Sweet Rosa! now the scene invites to love,
Thou know'st my origin—remote, obscure;
My vow to thee is register'd above,
But thine to me was never made so sure."
Henry, my love! thou'rt all on earth I prize,
To thee, my inmost heart was ne'er conceal'd,
Thou'rt met with smiles, thou'rt left with painful sighs—
These! these! my Henry! have my heart reveal'd;—

"But, hear! O hear my vow! ye starry host;
Ye gentle spirits of this peaceful scene!
If Rosa's heart another's love shall boast,
Annihilate life, and soul, as 'twere a dream;
And let my ghastly shade o'er desert float,
A frightful spectre on the midnight wave,
On dreary Bosphorus, in leaky boat,
If ever I thy vows of love deceive."

"Thou think'st thy birth obscure—I love thee more,
Methinks on that account, than any other;
If thou wert rich, thy loss I might deplore,
And dost thou think thy Rosa'd love another?
No, no—in silent solitude I'd seek
Some desolated scene, and all I'd crave,
That Heav'n *would grant* a bleeding heart might break,
And Henry bless, when I was in my grave!"

Continuation.

"I would not have thee chang'd from what thou art
In person, fortune, comeliness, or birth;
No dower I claim, but to possess thy heart;
No other treasure seek I, whilst on earth!
The Poet sings, that love, true love is blind,
Yet, such my blindness is—my love in thee;
If half thy beauties thou in me could'st find,
I'd wish, dear Harry, thou might'st never see!

"The dew of night is on my glowing cheek,
Else thou would'st see me blush to own it's flame;
The stoic's apathy may call it weak,
And prudes and triflers censure me with blame;
But my heart ne'er was cast in freezing mould—
'Tis warm, 'tis glowing, ardent and sincere,
That knows its worth, and knowing will unfold
Its fond affections to the form that's dear;—

"Now that thou know'st my trembling heart's desi
O do not sport or trifle with thy pow'r;
Thy slight would injure me, thy scorn would fire
My brain, and kill thy Rosa in an hour!
Would't please thee, Henry, when I'm past aside,
Whose love for thee could stern misfortunes brave,
To lead to church some lovely, blooming bride,
'nly stumble o'er thy Rosa's grave."

Henry's Vow.

"Perish the thought," he cried, but tears now flow'd,
And, with affection, press'd her in his arms,
Whilst still, he loving kiss on kiss bestow'd;
At length, he utter'd "Banish vain alarms!—
By yon bless'd orb, I swear I dearly love thee,
No pow'r on earth our tender ties shall sever,
With fond affection thou shalt ever prove me,
Living or dead, I'm thine, I'm thine for ever!"

Bright Orion smil'd to hear the sacred vow,
As did the other constellations seven,
Lov'd Pleiades, methinks I hear them now
Record the faithful lover's vow in Heav'n;
The list'ning Naiads seem'd to catch the sound,
And Echo, who, from Love is parted never,
Repeats these words, through dale and grove around:—
"Living or dead, I'm thine, I'm thine for ever!"

End of Part First.

PART THE SECOND.

Two little months have flown, my gentle muse,
Since we were parted, and, methinks, abrupt;
A retrospective glance you cann't refuse,
It wont create satiety, nor interrupt
Pleasure we feel in this lov'd narrative;
Sweet Poesy! assist me whilst I sing—
To thy sweet numbers nought can be comparative,
Pleasure and Peace attend thy golden wing.

Rosa's now the Queen of Woodbine Cottage,
Two neat apartments she can call her own,
Not so her heart, for that's deeply mortgag'd,
And Henry's name upon the deed is shewn;
Her books, her harp, her lute are all remov'd,
Her tambour-frame, her needle-work, her desk,
And Woodbine Cottage is so much belov'd,
That gayer scenes of life appear burlesque.

She's such a favorite with the inmates here,
So much her sweet society beguiles
The hours, gladly friends will come to see her,
And Rosa's fame resounds for many miles;
With neatly fancied dress, and cottage trimm'd,
She looks Arcadian shepherdess of old,
Her Venus' bust, that is so graceful limn'd,
Would warm man's stubborn heart, be't ne'er so cold.

And then to hear her on the sprightly harp,
How gaily move her fingers o'er the strings,
Charming the senses, till she steals the heart!
And then, too late, you find that love's no wings;
But when she sings! O then, indeed, you're blest!
'Tis then her choice prefers the pensive lute,
Her voice can charm the weary mind to rest,
And bid each cank'ring care be still—be mute.

Old Sally minds her work, she sings and trudges,
Looks to the house, the pigs, and dairy too,
With turn'd up sleeves, her toil she never grudges,
She'll wash, she'll bake, and now and then she'll brew
And when with bustle and fatigue opprest,
She'll say, "Come, Rosa, love, now cheer my heart
That song you made for Harry, gives me rest."
Rosa complies, and sweetly tunes her harp.

Rosa Sings.

SONG.

I.

Sweet Solitude! I joy in thee!
I love the silent glen!
I love to trace the vagrant bee,
Far from the haunts of men,
Gathering store from flow'r and bush,
Where wood-nymphs sweetly glide,
And all is silent, still, and hush,
Save Henry, by my side,
Who, Nature's lovely works admiring,
The more he sees, the more desiring,
Charm'd with lovely scenes like this,
He talks of love, and shares the bliss!

II.

"Impervious foliage fills the bough,
The clustering nut is seen,
The foot-marks of the sheltering cow
From Sol's too powerful beam;
The vocal warbler of the grove,
Who sings without restraint!

Rosa, truly Happy.

The stock-dove tells her tale of love,
But I have no complaint,
So Henry's at my side, admiring,
The more he sees, the more desiring;
Charm'd with lovely scenes like this,
He talks of love, and shares the bliss."

"Thank thee, my Rosa—Oh! how blest am I
If thou feel'st happy in this scene retir'd;
Thy nuptial hour, my Rosa's very nigh,
I fear thou'llt leave me, then, to be admir'd
By Henry's friends." She would have utter'd more,
Had not a vagrant tear stole o'er her cheek;
But Rosa caught it e'er it reach'd the floor,
Suppress'd her own, and then essay'd to speak:—

"Kind mother! for so I needs must call you,
That I am happy, witness, O ye Pow'rs,
No other fate I wish may e'er befall me,
Than this sweet cottage and its vernal bow'rs,
'Tis here, Content has fix'd her sweet abode,
That coy and fickle goddess, so much sought
By kings and courtiers, in the splendid robe,
most closely press'd, was never caught.

Rose truly Happy.

"Pride, pomp, ambition, envy, avarice, spleen,
With all their base concomitants, I hate;
Content, my host,—and Ceres, for my queen,
I'd pity monarchs with their regal state—
What is their wealth compar'd to peace like ours?
The courtesy and smiles at ev'ry turn,
Which fulsome Flatt'ry plentifully show'rs
From hearts, whose inmost core with envy burn?

"Believe me, when I say, no gayer scenes
Shall ever lure me from this sweet abode;
Who looks for happiness, avoid extremes,
Who took that course, yet, never found the road;
With your good counsel, and my Henry's hand,
If he feels happy, I am truly blest;
And, tho' my duty waits on his command,
I should reluctant leave this place of rest;—

"And if that blessing is for me reserv'd,
To see my offspring smiling at my breast,
What joy to know that you have seen deserv'd
Those smiles, and cares, with which I've been carest;
And when its Grandma's voice proclaims, who comes,
With joke, and prattle, such as then takes place,
Drawing the nipple through its toothless gums,
It turns, and smiles most sweetly in her face.

Sally determines on the Wedding.

"Are not these joys, tho' in perspective laid,
Too great, too valuable to cast aside?"—
"They are, they are!" cried Sally, "my sweet m
Come, this day month, please God, thou'lt be the.
Of Henry—our happy villagers shall see
Sally and Richard lead the festive joy,
The happiest moments of our lives shall be
To see thee married to our darling boy;—

"So make arrangements for the happy day,
The bells shall ring, and all the country round
Shall see our Richard give thy hand away,
Whilst ev'ry hill and dale with joy shall sound;
Our country lasses shall their garlands weave,
And ev'ry sprightly wench her sweetheart bring,
The morning star shall smile ere they shall leave,
And ev'ry heart be gay as birds in spring;—

"I'll seek our Richard, tell him what I've done,
Our Alice, too, must share the gen'ral joy,
This night, I hope that we shall see my son,
My mind's made up, and now I want my boy;
He has not been these two nights, which is strang
I hope to night that he will surely come—
Go, Rosa, deck thy bow'r, and things arange,
And sing thy song of welcome to his home."

Sally informs Richard of her Intention.

Now, Sally, full of bustle—full of glee,
Sought out Richard—Alice, soon was found,
And when inform'd, she, Rosa flew to see,
With foot so light, it scarcely touch'd the ground;
The rustic maiden clasp'd her in her arms,
And pour'd congratulations most sincere—
"I'm glad our roof will longer know such charms
As we've experienc'd, ma'am, since you've been here;

"Our country youth, and maids, will all be seen
Sporting new dresses, and our garlands gay,
And you will lead the dance upon the green;
Oh! how I long to see the happy day!
How sweetly you'll become our Henry's side!
I'll clean and scrub this house, right through and through!
So glad I am that you're to be his bride!—
That smile, it tells me that you like it too!

"Well, well, you must excuse a country lass,
Our heads are ignorant, our hearts are light;
When pleasure comes, we like it not to pass
Without enjoyment, ere it takes its flight;
But, I'll go feed the pigs, and milk the cow,
And then I'll let our village maidens know,
Their swains *must learn*, with grace, to make their bow,
Or to our stylish wedding, they mustn't go."

Rosa sings in the Bower.

The mad-cap flew, and Rosa's left alone,
Who rais'd her eyes to Heav'n, and thank'd its love
For ev'ry joy and blessing it had shown,
And pray'd her nuptials might be crown'd above;
She slung her lute upon her lovely arm,
And visited the bow'r where fragrance dwelt,
With every touch that melody could charm,
Her soul's sweet rhapsody in sounds did melt.

SONG.

I.

"This lovely bow'r I've deck'd for thee,
My Henry!—do not tarry;
Thy Rosa, anxious, waits for thee—
The lingering moments dally;
Thy cool repast she has prepar'd,
Sweet flow'rs her hands have strew'd—
I joy in bliss with thee that's shar'd,
I pine till 'tis renew'd.

II.

"The ev'ning dew has touch'd the flow'r,
And bade its beauties close;
I begg'd for thee, my love, one hour,
And thus replied the rose:"—

Rosa sings in the Bower.

'Sweet emblem of our blooming tribe!
Our Lover's gone to rest;
Thy pray'r and ours, he would deride—
He's sunk down in the west.

III.

'Were we to rival Cynthia, show
(Or to the starry eve)
Those beauties, he alone must know,
He'd give us cause to grieve;
With nipping frost, and blighting dew,
He'd pierce our gentle form;—
Sweet lady, we must bid, adieu!
We'll hail you in the morn!' "

With dying cadence, and with voice most sweet,
She just had finish'd her enraptur'd strain,
When Henry's form was prostrate at her feet,
And urg'd the sweet performance once again.
"Bless'd as I ever thought myself before,
I never knew my real bliss till now;
To know, when *absent*, thou, on me, canst pour
The strain, which thou alone, so well know'st how."

Rosa consents to sing again.

She blush'd consent—but chided in her turn,
Yet, with such gentleness of tongue and voice,
For list'ning, concealment, prolong'd return;
Yet, all so sweetly done, that man, from choice,
Would wantonly transgress, to be thus chid—
By such a frown reminded of his duty—
A frown, that anger, rage, or scorn forbid
To place one wrinkle on her face of beauty.

Her face was never made to suit a frown,
Her heart was never form'd to give one birth;
Good nature, like champaign, you cann't keep down,
And Rosa's face was form'd to cheer the earth;
Smile and look pleas'd, ye fascinating fair!
You're all that's left to sweet man's bitter cup—
You cure our hearts, of sorrow, grief, and care—
Your rosy lips, the nectar that we sup.

Again, sweet Rosa had the strain perform'd,
And ev'ning, now, in darker robe was clad;
Sally and Richard had their son inform'd
Of news, that made his heart with transport glad;
He took his Rosa's not unwilling hand,
And printed on its lily white, a kiss,
A pledge, true lovers well can understand,
In Hymen's soft vocabulary—"YES!"

Rosa consents to the Marriage.

"And wilt thou, Rosa, on the happy day,
Bestow, with cheerfulness, thy heart and hand?"
Her eyes, more eloquent than words, did say,
"I will, I will"—this you might understand,
Tho' the blue languishers were downward cast,
And met her bosom heaving with a sigh;
Her quick'ning pulse was beating high and fast,
To feel the moment of her bliss so nigh.

But, Sally interrupts this scene of love—
"Come, Rosa, girl,—and Harry—th' ev'ning's cold."
Her summons quickly clears the sweet alcove,
And now she has her flock within the fold;
The ev'ning meal's prepar'd, wholesome and light,
Nor is distinction made, for all sit down,
And Sally's cheerful face smiles with delight,
And jokes with Rosa—she their wish must crown;

To fill their table with a smiling crew,
Whose artless prattle shall the hours beguile,
Who'll love their parents, and their grandam too—
Thus, all enjoy the joke, the laugh, the smile;
Now, Alice retails out the village news,
For she has scamper'd through, from end to end;
Of all she has *invited*, none refuse,
For Henry has at every house, a friend.

Richard in the Stable.

The supper done—the lanthorn it is lit—
Alice and Richard to the stable go,
Richard, he fodders Henry's lusty tit,
And Alice tends the cravings of her cow;
Bobby, he snorts to find his cratch new stor'd,
And up to th' belly, bedded well in straw;
His shining sides with spur was never gored,
The whip ne'er told him when 'twas time to draw.

The social hearth is now resorted to,
And Rosa is entreated for a strain—
"The song I heard to night, to me was new,
If I have interest, sing it once again."
To ask, is to receive, at Rosa's hand;
She struck the chords with more than usual skill,
Her voice was heav'nly, and its sweet command,
Went to the heart, and there in rapture thrill'd.

Her voice was gently swell'd—then died away;
No frittering cadence, or superfluous shake,
Not modern style—you know not what they say;
To sing as now they sing, you need not speak;
O, I am ill to hear the soundless stuff,
'Tis squalling nonsense, not knowing what they say
But, of Rosa's style, you ne'er could have enough,
It minds you so of Heav'n, and points the way.

Description of Rosa's Singing.

Sweetly, O sweetly, she perform'd the task,
Her lovely arms extended o'er the strings,
Her eyes and face erected, seem'd to ask
A flight to heav'n, and only wanted wings;
When finish'd, all were more than words can speak,
Delighted—Richard never was so pleas'd,
The flow'rs she sung of, did his fancy take—
Old Sally wip'd the tear, and Rosa seiz'd.

"My dearest Rosa, how I wrong'd thee once,
But, come, my love, 'tis time we go to rest;
Come, Alice, put a candle in the sconce,
And Rosa, sing that hymn in which we're blest."
The ev'ning hymn concludes the happy day,
And Rosa bids them all a sweet good night;
But Henry stole a kiss upon the way,
And bless'd her slumbers as she left his sight.

Rosa, and Alice, being both retir'd,
Henry's parents wish'd, from him, to know
Who Rosa was, whom they so much admir'd;
"I ask'd her once, but tears began to flow,
So I forbore, and never ask'd her since—
For I could not endure to see her grieve;
However bred, she's worthy of a prince—
Her mind's so noble, she can none deceive!"

Rosa's Story.

"I'm sorry, Mother, that I ne'er appris'd;
The subject that you name, she cannot bear;
And when I tell you, you will be surpris'd—
She never knew whom her parents were;
A public school receiv'd her very young,
And with her they receiv'd a purse of gold;
They did their duty—taught her every tongue,
And each accomplishment which you behold.

Ten years elaps'd—the money was expended,
And no inquiries for the stranger came!
Her Governess so lov'd, she her befriended,
And to her protege attach'd no blame;
Now two years more had past in cold neglect,
When Rosa's mind began to dawn, and see,
And what she saw, her spirits did deject—
'What difference,' said she, ''twixt my mates an

'What presents, what inquiries come for them,
When holidays arrive, how gay their hearts;
But I am like a flow'r without a stem,
Cut off, and sent to wither in these parts—
No parents kind, send here to ask my fate,
When holidays arrive, they're none to me,
The dying swan that mourns its murder'd mate,
not more lonely—more forlorn to see.

Rosa's Story.

"About this time, one stormy winter's eve,
The bell was rung with more than usual force—
A portly stranger ask'd the servant leave
Of private audience—'twas refus'd of course;
The lady of the mansion was appris'd
Of his arrival, and his strange request,
And, tho' his person seem'd as 'twere disguis'd,
She met, undaunted, her mysterious guest.

"His port was manly, and his form genteel,
Tho' mystery and reserve were in his face—
Something he wish'd, yet fear'd—but, to reveal
He ask'd an audience in some private place."
'You have a pupil here, that's Rosa nam'd,
I wish to see her if it be allow'd?'
'In my presence, then,—I might be blam'd
If I permitted such a thing.'—He bow'd.

"She led in Rosa, lovely as the tree
Which seventeen summers ripen'd into bloom,
Hebe in form, and Helena to see,
Of either goddess, she might fill the room;
With blushing modesty, yet not dismay'd,
She look'd upon his much-astonish'd gaze,
But soon his *inward workings* were betray'd—
The fountain flows, and down his cheek it strays."

'How like her mother is she grown,' "he said,
But scarcely had these words escap'd his tongue,
When Rosa, prostrate at his feet was laid,
And thus implor'd, whilst to his knees she clung:"
'Oh! tell me, sir, have I a mother living?—
You weep, and in my fate an interest show—
Am I unworthy?—is she unforgiving?—
To gain her blessing, through the world I'd go!

'Perhaps, a cruel father's stern command
Forbids that holy kiss, her child should share.'—
'Forbear! forbear!' "he said, and took her hand,
And rais'd her to his heart, and press'd her there;
He kiss'd her forehead, but his heart was full—
Again he look'd—then bath'd her with his tears,
And nothing could his flowing sorrow lull,
Tho' absent she had been so many years.

"His mind recall'd—at length 'twas thus he spoke:"
'Thy mother, Rosa, is past to realms above,
Thy father lives, who keenly felt the stroke,
But its forbid that thou shouldst share his love;
There is an obstacle—enquire no more;
Time may remove it, tho' it's now involv'd
In myst'ry, which thy father might deplore,
And curse the hour that prematurely solv'd.

This casket will convince thy father lives—
Keep virtue in thine heart—thy rank's not mean—
Blessing hast thou from the hand that gives—
It may be that on earth we meet again,
If not, in Heaven!—" Thus said, he rush'd away,
And left the governess and her alone,
And never since that strange mysterious day,
Has word, or letter, from the stranger come."

"Oh! bless the darling girl," old Sally said,
Whose eyes had oft been wet at Henry's tale.
"I'm sorry now that she has gone to bed—
But, of the casket, what did it contain?"
"A Bank of England for one thousand pound,
With diamonds, rings, necklaces of gold,
And in it was a costly locket found,
A lovelier female ne'er did eyes behold!

"Her school-arrears were soon with pleasure paid;
For five years she's been using what was left,
Three hundred now with Arthur Heywood's laid;
So still, dear mother, she's not quite bereft."
"Nor ever shall, my Henry, whilst I'm alive,
And when I'm gone, I hope thou'lt be her friend,
Against *the world, you* must together strive,
'Tis thou must cherish her till life shall end;

Sally's Advice to Henry.

s thou hopes for God to bless thee, Harry,
ou wilt regard the words I say,
that slights the woman he does marry,
never prospers long by night or day;
A cankering devil lurks within his breast,
He pines—he's wretched—never knows the cause,
It haunts by day, at night deprives his rest,
He never tastes that joy—the heart's applause.

"But, come, my Henry, it's time to go to bed,
Thy father, see, is nodding in his chair;
I must see Rosa,—after what thou'st said
I cannot sleep—I'm glad she's in my care."
Richard and Henry both retir'd to rest,
But Sally went with care to Rosa's room,
She found her like a Venus in her nest
Of lovely fragrance—she, herself, the bloom.

"Fair, lovely Rosa, who that saw thee sleeping,
Would think thy breast had ever heav'd a sigh?
Would think thy cheek was ever stain'd with weepi
Or, that sorrow's tear had ever dimm'd thine eye!
Soundly she sleeps—Innocence protects her;
Her placid features mantle with a smile;
Her father's heart is hard if he neglects her,
She might, of many cares, his hours beguile;—

Sally in Rosa's Bed-room.

"I'll kiss thy cheek, but not disturb thy slumber—
Bless thee, sweet Rosa!—I love thee, more and more!—
"Good night! good night!—my kisses, without number,
But feebly tell how much I should deplore,
If ever sorrow nips thy tender heart,
Whilst sheltering 'neath this humble roof of mine;
Old Sally, still will ever take thy part—
Good night! once more—may rest and peace be thine!

The cottage now is buried in repose—
Sweet are their slumbers, who have hearts at rest;
Soon as the morning sun shall day disclose,
They'll rise, as does the lark from off its nest;
Richard and Alice were the first to rise,
She sings her ancient lay, and milks her cow;
And Rosa, now unseal'd her lovely eyes,
She's said her pray'r, and she is busied now

In cooking breakfast, looking to her flock,
Her doves, her poultry—well they know her voice,
With lib'ral hand she deals—and now the clock
Strikes seven—now the garden is her choice,
Sweet odours breathe from ev'ry border round;
From proud carnation, and the lovely rose,
She culls a nosegay, sweet as could be found,
And wish'd to place it in what breast she chose.

Rosa's Present.

'Twas Henry's happy lot to gain the prize,
She met him as she reach'd the sweet alcove—
"Dear Henry, this is very late to rise,
But, see! I've got a present for my love."
"Dear Rosa, I'll receive it at thy hand,
Tho' rising late, I've not deserv'd to win it,
But, let me say, of all fair Flora's band,
Thou art, thyself, the sweetest flow'r that's in it.

"A truce to compliments, dear Harry, now—
The breakfast waits—the coffee will be spoil'd;
See!—Alice, to the field, she takes the cow—
The eggs are on, and will be over boil'd;
Mother has risen, too, and will be cross—
Come, let's to breakfast—I want you on the way,
I've some commissions will your time engross,
If you'll but execute them, love, to-day."

Sally met Rosa with a cheerful smile,
And plac'd her at the table to preside—
"Come, Henry, thou must ride for many a mile,
Before thou'st Rosa for thy blooming bride—
Is Bobby saddl'd, Richard?"——"Yes, he is;
Come, Henry, thou hast little time to stay;
Your towns-bred folks are scarcely up by this—
Now, Henry, lady to horse! to horse! away!"

Henry's Departure.

The mantling steed was brought, who seem'd to know
How to attract caresses from the fair,
Yet look'd impatient, on his way to go,
But scrapes the earth, and smells at Rosa fair;
Proud of his burthen, see him glare his eye,
He champs the bit, impatient now for speed;
The hand was kiss'd, as token of—Good bye—
"Fly time," he said "one month, thou'rt mine, indeed."

Each to their daily task, they now repair,
For Woodbine Cottage, holds no idle creature,
Some wash, some mend, and some the meal prepare,
But all's combin'd in love, and sweet good nature;
Richard's vocation's in the garden plac'd,
And there, a weed's asham'd to show itself,
If one was found, he'd think his art disgrac'd,
The ground's his pleasure, and its fruit his wealth.

The maidens of the village, ev'ry eve,
Meet at a house convenient for their use,
There make designs of garlands they will wreath,
And trim their rustic dresses quite profuse;
For Henry's wedding runs in all their thoughts,
Both old and young have caught the wish—the flame,
E'en servant lads are saving up their groats,
To make the day show worthy of his name.

Preparations for the Wedding.

Woodbine Cottage is throng'd from end to side,
With milliners, upholsterers, and such,
Displaying taste that's worthy of the bride,
Nor are these preparations deem'd too much;
For even Richard means to sport a suit,
And has three tailors, now at work, or more,
And Sally's got a gown with lace put to't,
And Rosa's dress employs some half a score.

End of Part Second.

PART THE THIRD.

The wish'd, the long-expected morn arriv'd;
Sol's rising beams were hail'd by many a fair;
His car, propitious, up the east did drive,
Gladd'ning the world that smil'd beneath, his care;
His rosy face dispers'd the gloom of night,
The feather'd warblers hail'd him with their song,
The orient dew on every spray was bright;
Great nature seem'd to laugh and cheer the throng!

Plenty and pleasure smil'd on every hand!
Pomona revell'd in the orchard juice!
The youthful maids appear a sylvan band,
And sport and revelry is now let loose;
The village bells send forth a merry peal,
Which sweetly sounds along the Halcyon meads;
Both *old and young* the general transport feel,
They speak of Henry's worth, of Sally's deeds.

Preparations.

All's bustle now within, and crowd without—
Richard and Sally put on their gay attire;
Alice, all bustle, knocks the things about,
In preparations such as they require;
Refreshments now are spread, the door is op'd,
And Henry, he receives the welcome throng;
The youth all strive, and with each other cop'd,
To move the pleasantry, or raise the song.

The chosen maids, with garlands neat arrive,
For whom the neat set breakfast is prepar'd;
The minstrels, too, who keep their sports alive,
Have join'd the festive-board, and with them shar'd;
Old Sally welcomes all with great good-will,
And Richard is not backward in his greeting—
The men, of beef and ale, may take their fill;
The lasses—wine and cake, at this gay meeting.

But what surprises now the eyes of all?
'Tis Rosa, and her bride-maid that appear,
She, like a star, that from its sphere did fall,
Attracted gazers, but dispell'd all fear;
For as the golden chambers of the east
Sends forth a messenger that cheers the day,
So Rosa's presence crown'd the rural feast—
She was the star to guide them on their way.

Robert Brelin.

Hymen ne'er smil'd upon a fairer form!
A lovelier virgin ne'er his altar trod;
She look'd like mountain-rose, sent to adorn,
Or sweet carnation, bursting from its pod.
Her dress was well conceiv'd,—and richly-wrought
Love-knots and flow'rs, alternate fill'd the space,
A richer satin-gold had never bought
More splendid trimming, or more costly lace.

The jewellery her casket had contain'd,
Was never sported till this joyful day;
The splendid locket, with its diamonds stain'd—
Her rings, her golden chain, were rich and gay,
But her deportment all these toys outshone—
So affable, so complaisant, so free,
Where'er she mov'd, she'd every heart her own;
Her presence crown'd the morn with joy, with glee.

Her maid distributed the favours round,
The bridal-cake, the fancy form'd rosette,
Which in each rustic breast is quickly found,
A bridal-favour that he'll ne'er forget.
The village pastor enters now the door,
With meek deportment—pattern for his cloth;
He's much *caress'd*, and welcom'd o'er and o'er,
A tribute justly claim'd—by private worth.

The Clergyman arrives.

is pleasant face, his cheerful flock;
d inquiries of their health he makes,
n ies, their children, and their farming stoc
ome he moves, with some the hand he shake
d if a truant from his church he spies,
He will not leave him till the thing's explain'd;
To reconcile all difference still he tries,
And never was with pride or harshness blam'd.

He now accosts the hostess and the host,
Congratulates young Henry on his choice!
Of Rosa's visits to his church, did boast;
" The labour's sweet, my love, and heav'n's the
I hope our church will long enjoy the pleasure
Of folding you amongst our rural flock."
'Twas thus he spoke, 'twas thus he found a pleasu
In adding converts to his past'ral stock.

The minstrels now struck up the lively strain,
The garlands are display'd before the door,
The hour's arriv'd to form the wedding train,
The merry bells their peals rung o'er and o'er;
Delightful sight, the welkin rings with joy,
Each heart dilates to bless the happy pair;
Some show'r their blessing on their neighbour's b
And all bestow them on the lovely fair.

Marriage Procession.

The minstrels and the garlands led the way,
Borne by six virgins, dress'd in snowy white!
Next Rosa, and her bride-maid, dress'd most gay—
Old hearts grew young to see the lovely sight;
Next follow'd Richard, and his faithful mate,
The clergyman, with Henry at his side,
Then follow'd villagers, with hearts elate,
With bosoms glowing, swell'd with honest pride.

The gay procession scarcely was in motion,
With ev'ry nerve brac'd to the music's sound,
When at a distance seem'd a slight commotion,
At viewing what with speed approach'd the ground,
Its splendour dazzl'd every eye that gaz'd,
Which still increas'd, as nearer still it drew;
The joyful band now halted, much amaz'd,
To see such splendour in their village move.

Outriders now approach—impatient ask
For Woodbine Cottage, and for Rosa's name;
And now the equipage their speed had past,
Is drawn up by postillions, in the lane.
Six noble steeds, caparison'd with taste,
And burnish'd silver harness, studded o'er,
And spangl'd netting, brilliant and chaste,
The carriage drew—a coronet it bore.

Interruption.

The object of their search was quickly shewn;
The purport of her errand was not hid,
This to their passenger was soon made known,
Which he with peremptory voice forbid!
He now alighted with the greatest speed,
With hopes, with doubts and fears his mind was shak
Anxious he seem'd to gain his master's meed,
To Rose's presence he was quickly taken.

She met him with a firmness all assum'd—
He seem'd astonish'd when he saw her mien—
His business at her hand, she now requir'd—
In voice, deportment, she was all the queen;
He bow'd obsequeous, to her graceful form,
Presented his credentials—whilst his eyes
Gaz'd on the locket that her side adorn'd;
"How hither come", he said, and seem'd surpris'd.

She broke the seal—she read one line—no more!
Her colour went, and came, she heav'd a sigh!
And quickly had been prostrate on the floor,
Had not her true-love, Henry, stood so nigh;—
"My dear, my long lost child!"—it thus began;
Her feelings could not stand to see the rest!
Her cheek, where dwelt the rose, is pale and wan;
's reclin'd upon poor Sally's breast.

Explanation.

Her father's chaplain now (for so he prov'd)
Explain'd to Henry, and her nearest friends,
Why he, so long had banish'd one he lov'd,
And now how anxious is to make amends;
"In privacy, he marry'd Rosa's mother!
She died in giving birth to this his child!
His father forc'd his marriage with another:
The conflict well nigh made my lord run wild.

"He yielded to the match— 'twas most unhappy;
My lady's spirit was of haughty tone,
She wish'd my lord to humble, like her lacquey,
But he was high, and proud, and would yield none;
They had no offspring—and 'twas very well,
For now my lady's number'd with the dead;
Now Rosa's call'd, at home with him to dwell;
She is the offspring of his lawful bed!

"And therefore heiress to his noble blood,
His princely mansions, and his title's fame,
This equipage will make it understood,
He brings her home, deserving of his name;
He counts the moments now, of our return;
His costly yacht now rides in Dublin Bay;
Cut short the time that bids a parent mourn—
The affair cries haste—so offer no delay."

Affection.

Rosa had now reviv'd,—and heard in part,
The nature of his mission, and the cause;
She look'd on Henry with a glowing heart;
And wistful, seem'd to ask his heart's applause,
But was deceiv'd, for he was stricken mute;
She saw desponding looks, she heard his sighs!
"My Henry, do these tidings end thy suit,
Or make thy Rose less worthy in thine eyes?"

"My lovely Rosa, I should not repine:
'Tis selfish, 'tis absurd, unmanly, weak;
I should rejoice, that birth and splendour's thine;
I should submit to it with spirit meek,—
But who can yield his heart's fond doating treasur
And not betray the wound he has receiv'd?
Dear maid, you'll revel in the fields of pleasure,
When he lies low, who's hopes are now deceiv'd.

"Oh! Henry, do not wrong me with the thoug
That I would e'er submit to loose thy love!
If thou the price, kingdoms were dearly bought!
Thou know'st my vow is register'd above!
And so is thine to me—forget it never;
Thou know'st the solemn eve on which thou sa
'*Living* or dead, I'm thine, I'm thine for ever'
When I forget it, love, conclude me dead.

The Curate's Proposal.

"Thy father would disdain my humble offers—
Nay, what is worse, perhaps abandon thee;
I have no titles, no splendid coffers,
Then, what alliance could he claim with me?"—
"Henry, forbear! nor wound my spirit more,
My mind is fix'd irrevocably—thou,
In preference to titles, I adore,
To keep thy love, I will disclaim them now."

"Reverend Brother, for so I find you are—
May I advise in this?—with due submission,
I'm Parish Curate in this village here;
I'll write his lordship, if I've your permission;
This youth I christen'd, knew him from his birth,
For talent, honor, duty, he's renown'd,
There's not a nobler heart this day on earth,
Then let me write his lordship on this ground.

"'Tis pity for to sever youthful hearts,
That were in early youth twin'd into one,
Their love, for years, was foster'd in these parts,
He'll only droop, and die, when she is gone;
Then let him bear her comp'ny to her sire,
With such a letter as I now will write."
The *chaplain did the curate's* plan admire,
And all things now assume a fairer sight.

They all approve the worthy curate's plan—
To woodbine cottage now their steps they t
He thus combin'd the minister and man,
The soul's physician, and the steady friend
But, oh! how alter'd is this happy cot,
Rich liveries attend the word, the look,
She's now, my lady, call'd, whose humble
In this sweet cottage, ev'ry pleasure took.

The trav'lling party of refreshment take,
Sally and Alice have retir'd up stairs,
For Rosa's journey, preparations make,
But, oh! their hearts are wrung with grie
Each dress they move, reminds them of th
Some fond remember'd scene is call'd to mi
It brings the past remember'd pleasures ne
They cann't recall them, tho' with tears t

Rosa now joins them, and is much concer
To find their grief so great, and her the c
She wish'd these tidings she had never lea
"I felt most happy here, in your applause,
I had not griev'd, not knowing what was
What is a title or the pomp of state?
***'Tis dear*, if purchas'd at friendship's cost.**
***Leaving* the things I love, for what I ha**

Sally Relates her Dream.

rt, comfort, dearest mother, I'll soon return,
aps, my honor'd father may come too,
union, with Henry, he'll never spurn,
If he should, I'll leave and come to you;
Not weep, my mother!—comfort, Alice;
cloud my spirits, which should now be gay,
our tears will prove to me a poison'd chalice,
They'll canker ev'ry joy whilst I'm away."

"Rosa, my dear, forgive this troubl'd mind,
At thoughts of parting, these tears will flow amain,
For something tells me, whom thou leav'st behind,
Thou'lt never, never live to see again!
My dream, last night, I see is come to pass,
I saw thee at the altar, Henry, too,
An angel did between the lovers pass,
It beckon'd thee—thou bade us all adieu!

"I woke in weeping for thy sudden loss,
I wonder'd what this mystery could mean,
I thought these nuptials, something sure would cross,
And then I thought again—'tis but a dream;
But now it is interpreted, I see;
Dear Rose, thou hast my blessing, come what may,
The happiest of my life was spent with thee,
I dread the blank that comes when thou'rt away."

Rosa Seated in the Carriage.

riage wheels now rattle at the door,
plain calls her ladyship to haste;
rting's come, which tears but ill deplore—
S 's arms, poor Rosa, is embrac'd,
kisses her, she weeps, but all in vain,
She cannot reconcile this parting hour,
The poignant grief, it still recurs again,
To say, Farewell! she has not got the pow'r.

Nor are the tears of Alice shed in vain—
"Poor girl," said Rosa, as she gave a kiss,
"Believe me, Alice, I'll come here again,
I little thought a parting such as this;
Comfort, my mother, I'll not be absent long,
Again, I'm call'd—O Heav'n! then, must I go?
Farewell! dear mother, I go to meet the throng
Of worldly fashion, with a heart of wo."

Absorb'd in tears, she reach'd the carriage door;
Two splendid liv'ries wait on her command;
The chaplain, he his hand presented to her,
The crowded peasantry in wonder stand,
'Tis Henry's arm supports her to her seat,
She will not move till he is at her side;
The prancing steeds the sounding earth did beat,
Impatient of delay, and swell'd with pride.

Rosa Takes Leave.

The door is clos'd, she cast one look behind,
Through tears, survey'd the happy rural spot,
A parting pang of grief came o'er her mind,
"Those happy hours are past, but ne'er forgot",
She said, then gave the signal to depart;
The trampling steeds, the prancing horsemen fly,
They had the pray'rs of many an honest heart,
Which spoke its language in the glist'ning eye.

For Liverpool they fly along the road,
A packet waits their coming in the stream,
'Twill swiftly waft her to her sire's abode,
Which proudly rises on the banks of Sheen;
But woodbine cottage is, in sorrow, left,
The rustic peasantry have all retir'd,
Old Sally feels of every hope bereft,
That night, how dull!—that morn, how much admir'd!

With speed and splendor, see them dash along!
But silence, from within, is never broke,
At ev'ry village they've a gazing throng;
"Who is't?"—"Who can it be?" 'twas thus they spoke;
Poor Rosa, now and then a look would cast
Upon the cheerful smiling faces seen;
"Ah *me*," *she thought*, "how sweet my life had past,
If I at woodbine cottage still had been."

Rosa's Reflections.

"Can splendor, such as now attracts the sight,
Assuage the sorrow of a troubl'd mind,
If adverse fortune early prospects blight?
Can this restore the bliss that's left behind?
Vain supposition!—vain delusive thought!
That soon unveils the truth when trial's made,
True happiness, in humbler paths is sought,
She loves the lowly cot, the peaceful shade."

Her train of thoughts were now broke in upon—
The chaplain wish'd her ladyship to tell,
How she obtain'd the locket, he saw on
Her ladyship, which she became so well;
She now related how she came possess'd
Of that and other jewels that she wore,
The chaplain thus her ladyship address'd,
As still they nearer drew to Mersey's shore.

"My lady, 'twas your noble sire, you saw—
A father's arms then press'd you to his breast,
Drawn to the spot, by love and nature's law,
The sight of you, I'm sure would give him rest;
That locket represents your angel mother,
Who left this world in giving birth to you,
The care on't ne'er was trusted to another,
He was her lover, and her husband true."

Rosa Hears of her Father.

"Great God!—was it my father whom I saw?
Was his the hand a mother's picture gave?
It was, it was, for none but nature's law
Could bind him to the offspring of the grave,
And then to leave with me my mother's form—
O bless him—bless him for his thoughtful care,
For this regard of his, each night, each morn,
I'll never cease to bless him in my pray'r.

"Banish despair, my Henry, from thy brow!
I well remember now, my father's look,
His loving kiss, methinks I feel it now,
How fond, how tenderly, his leave he took,
He never will submit to see me pine—
Come, cheer thee, Henry! I like things better now,
He'll soon consent to place my hand in thine,
And seal our union with the holy vow."

'Twas thus she rallied Henry's drooping heart,
Till Liverpool began to show its face,
That place of bustle, England's greatest mart,
The seat of Commerce, 'tis her favorite place;
They dash'd along, through streets they knew full well,
Saw many a well-known face they wish'd to greet,
They're now arriv'd at Lillyman's hotel,
The captain there appointed them to meet.

True to his word, he's there with his attendants,
"Come, bustle, bustle, men, the tide it flows,
The carriage must aboard—we've no dependence
But on ourselves—the horse and luggage goes—
The lady and the gemmen here will stop—
We'll quickly get the equipage on board,
And when all's right, and tight, and snug is got,
We'll fetch her ladyship, and get unmoor'd."

He was a rough and sturdy looking fellow,
Rude in his manners, bluff in his command,
Subdu'd his crew, could bustle, swear and bellow,
And well the nautic art did understand;
He, therefore, by his Lordship was selected,
For this said enterprise, with rich reward,
If quick return should prove he'd not neglected,
The object of his love and dear regard.

The party are refresh'd in private room,
Rosa has gain'd her usual flow of spirits,
She tells her Henry, she'll pronounce his doom,
And soon reward him equal to his merits;
The chaplain he admires her gay good nature,
Says, that his lordship she will much delight;
E'en Henry, now assumes a gayer feature,
And anxious feels to gain his lordship's sight.

Rosa in the Boat.

To gain her object, she with Henry tries
To raise his language to its usual mirth,
When, from the packet, messengers arrive—
"All's safe on board, the vessel's left her birth,"
She's in the stream, and urges them to haste,
The tide is turn'd and ebbing fast away,
The breeze is light, there is no time to waste,
If they're to clear the Rock and banks to-day.

This pleasant news they hasten to obey,
They're quick, and bustle now to get on board,
The crew's perform'd their work upon the quay,
The carriage shipp'd, the horses well are stor'd,
The six-oar'd boat attends at George's slip,
Anxious to bear her Ladyship away,
With ev'ry prospect of a speedy trip—
They long to kiss Old Neptune's briny wave.

That eastern stream, that Cleopatra bore
In all the splendor of her regal state,
Her costly barge, impell'd by silver oar,
Could never boast, or triumph o'er thy fate,
Old Mersey—thou, a richer burthen bears,
More splendid beauty on thy bosom glides,
The briny ocean in thy honor shares,
It leaps for joy, and laves thy sandy sides.

Rosa gains the Vessel.

For Rosa, now is gliding on the stream—
Hush, and be still, thou proud aspiring wave!
Nor rise so high to see fair Beauty's queen,
But use thy pow'r, her lovely form to save;
The packet gain'd, the ladder is suspended,
Fair Rosa is the first to climb the side,
By Henry and the Chaplain she's befriended,
She's firm as Amphitrite, Old Neptune's bride.

The anchor's fish'd—the sails now catch the bree
"Come, bear a hand!" the blust'ring captain c
"Set ev'ry sail—she'll round the rock with ease-
Set the gaff-topsail!"—She down the channel fal
The tide ebbs fast—the breeze is rather light;
She gains the Rock, and safely passes through,
And now the North-west Buoy is full in sight—
"Boy, heave the lead, and call the soundings tr

The less'ning dip disheartens now the men—
Wharf-bank, that fatal spot is very near—
They listen!—from the chains he calls again,
Alas! it tells them, they have much to fear;
They port the helm, for deeper channel try,
But ere the boy again could sound the lead,
"The Wharf! the Wharf!" each sailor now do
And on its fatal bank she'd run a-head.

WOOLTON GREEN.

The Vessel Aground.

"Out spars and shoulder her!" 'tis quickly done,
And now they're borne on to the water's edge,
'T has no effect, and now they fearless run
To clew up sails, and carry out the kedge—
"Take to the capstern! quick, boys! man it well!"
They try their strength, and lay down every bone—
"She moves! she moves!"—a-stern she rather fell,
Death to their hopes!—alas! the kedge comes home.

Decreasing tide had left her nearly dry,
The captain, chaf'd and weary'd, look'd chagrin'd,
To pacify his passengers he tries,
Which, to effect, his own alarm conceal'd.
"We've lost a tide, my Lady, that's the whole on't,
At four i' th' morn another tide will flow,
We'll keep a good look-out, you may depend on't
She'll safely float, and o'er the channel go."

All fear subsides at being thus assur'd,
The cabin now assumes a milder face,
With hawser taut, the vessel is secur'd,
Their thoughts now turn upon a resting place;
The state-room couch, her ladyship has chose,
'Tis soon arrang'd for to receive the fair,
The men within the cabin seek repose,
But, ere retir'd, they join in solemn pray'r.

es cry,

Retired to Rest.

Sleep sound, fair Rosa, sleep will thee restore—
How little didst thou think this blushing morn,
A mother's love thy absence should deplore,
Or on the ocean lodge thy lovely form;
No sound is heard upon the dreary space,
But restless waves that lash the vessel's side,
Save at a distance, the tide, for resting place,
Makes moan unceasing, never will subside.

End of Part Third.

PART THE FOURTH.

'Tis midnight, and the watch have clos'd their eyes,
Except old Charley—he still walk'd the deck:
He heard the wind give utt'rance to its sighs;
He thought to call the watch, yet still did check
His apprehensions, thinking he might err;
But now he finds 'tis shifting due north-west,
'Tis mad, and foolish longer to defer;
'Tis time for every man to do his best!

Half flood has nearly flow'd, the wind's a head,
It still increases—now they fear a gale!
All sail's clew'd up, it stands them much instead—
"Keep taut the hawser, the kedge it will not fail!
Her stern's afloat—bear stoutly on your bars;
Yo ho! my lads!—good anchor, keep thy ground.
By heav'n! she thumps!"—(this baffles all the tars)
She's sprung a leak—and now the pumps they sound.

The Vessel becomes a Wreck.

Five feet of water she has quickly made,
The pumps require all pow'r that can be spar'd;
To warp her off there's ev'ry effort made,
Each toil and danger equally is shar'd;
But still she thumps, and still the leaks increas'd,
'Tis time to call the passengers on deck,
A cry is made!—and ev'ry effort ceas'd—
"She's broke her back! she'll be a total wreck!"

Poor Rosa! who could look upon thee now,
And not bedew his cheek with pity's tear?
Thy tender form, thy fair and lovely brow,
Expos'd to danger, and grown pale with fear,
In Henry's arms, in vain for safety looks,
She weeps to see the storm, then hides her face;
On Henry's breast her lovely head it droops,
'Tis now a sad and lonely resting place.

The captain, mad with rage, from stern to stem,
Flew in distraction, every effort tried—
"Cut the laniards, damn all cowardly men—
The mast once o'er, she'll right again," he cried.
The laniards cut, the mast it soon went o'er;
But, wo to tell, the vessel went o'er too!
All floating wreck now bears towards the shore—
The Chaplain sunk, and seven of the crew.

The Storm continues.

Three horses only, up the hatchway spring,
Each groom, with tears bewails his favorite steed,
They catch the three survivors, and they cling
Unto them, but sunk when the wreck they freed;
The captain sought not safety, his despair
Absorb'd all other feeling—he indulg'd
In frantic rhapsody—he tore his hair,
With imprecation in the ocean plung'd.

The wind still rages, and the tide swells high,
The day now dawns, and shows their horrid state;
She look'd on Henry, heav'd a piteous sigh—
"O leave me, Henry, let me meet my fate,
Wert thou alone, perhaps, thou still might'st float,
If I remain, thyself thou cannot save,
Our double loss would be too great a stroke,
'Twould send thy mother wretched to her grave.

"O Henry! bind my scarf upon mine eyes,
Then let me go, nor thou the loss deplore,
Shouldst thou be sav'd, and I should ever rise,
Or this poor form be cast upon the shore,
O see it at thy village church interr'd,
I know thou wilt bedew it with a tear,
And when poor mother shall my fate have heard,
Tell her I bless'd her, whilst I linger'd here."

Henry binds himself to Rosa.

"I'll take this scarf, and bind thee to one end,
But I myself am bound unto the other,
Should we be found, they'll see I was thy friend,
Or, some, perhaps, may take me for thy brother;
But I will never part with thee alive,
I'll cling to thee in agonies of death,
'Tis vain against these cruel waves to strive,
'Tis Heav'n's will that we should yield our breath."

The deck is ripp'd, the plank it floats away,
The stern, where Henry clung, grows less and less,
The gale increases with the coming day,
Each awful wave, now adds to their distress,
It breaks upon them, tells them death is near,
They've slender hold, no longer can it save,
She kiss'd her Henry, shed a silent tear,
They sunk together in the ocean's wave.

Rage now, thou tempest! thou must ring their knel
Thy whit'ning surge must weave the lovers' shroud!
The boisterous wind, thy messenger, must tell
A doating parent of her children proud,
Where lie the objects of her heart's fond treasure,
What wat'ry cavern in thy dread abyss,
Thou stor'd, with all that gave her life pleasure,
Thou buried all that fill'd her heart with bliss.

The Bodies wash'd up.

Two boys that got the mast, they reach'd the shore,
And they alone, surviv'd to tell the tale!
None heard their story but did much deplore,
And quickly boats were mann'd with swelling sail,
But 'twas too late, they nothing found but wreck,
And that was floating,—sport of ocean's wave!
A shatter'd hen-coop, or a splinter'd deck:
The lives are gone that they went out to save.

The news fill'd Liverpool with sore dismay!
None heard the tale but could afford a tear;
The Cheshire shore was sought that woful day!
That shore which oft has prov'd the sailor's bier!
'Twas sought in vain,—no corses there were found;
There were some yards, and spars, and rigging seen,
And other articles were wash'd aground,
That spoke too plain, a dreadful wreck had been.

'Twas near mid-day, and not a corse was found;
'Twas thought the ocean claim'd them as her prey!
The wind and current bore them in their round,
And seven of twelve, were found in Bootle Bay;
Poor Henry! of the number, he was one;
A female, too, scarce dead to beauty's charms:
'Twas Rosa! and the scarf it still was on,
And she was clasped tight in Henry's arms!

The Bodies are owned.

O! mournful sight! was this thy wedding day?
Was this cold sand to be thy bridal bed?
Those lovely locks that on thy cold cheek play,
Where Henry's arm's a pillow for thy head!
He looks upon thee, and thou seem'st to smile,
But where's the morn that wakes thy lovely eye!
Who'll tune that voice that could the heart beguile?
Alas! they're gone—this world they've fled for aye!

They search'd his person, to find out his name;
They found the letter that the curate wrote;
Th' epistle did most copiously explain,
Both who, and what he was, and what had brought
Him and the female to this woful scene.
They both were shell'd, and in a hearse were sent
To Woodbine Cottage, where they little dream
Those dead so near, who living, brought content.

Sally, that morn, had risen rather late;
At breakfast, she was dull, and shed a tear;
She could not help remarking on their state:
"How different we feel when Rosa's here,
She's always charming us with something new,
Her harp, her lute, her voice, they all in turns,
So please one here—and then her heart's so true
I'm sure I'st ne'er feel well till she returns.

Arrival of the Bodies at Woodbine Cottage.

"I think I never past so poor a night—
I heard the wind at times, 'twas very loud;
If sleep came on, I started still with fright,
And at the door I thought there was a crowd,
My name was often call'd, I knew the voice,
I wish'd to answer it, but had not power;
I'd rather have sat up if I'd my choice—
I did not soundly sleep, I'm sure one hour."

The breakfast sided, daily work begun;
The dinner past, 'twas not a cheerful meal;
At four o'clock,—(that scene I'd gladly shun,
It's woful news would melt a heart of steel)
The messengers who'd hasten'd on before,
By kindness urg'd, to soften what approach'd,
With heartfelt sorrow did their loss deplore,
Whilst Alice still with falsehood, them reproach'd.

But, ah! too soon their message was confirm'd,
The hearse arrives, and now is at the door;
The neighbours, who the dreadful news had learn'd,
With tears of sympathy, they now come to her,
They've wash'd and laid them out in decent form;
Upon that bridal bed so late prepared,
Now side by side they wait that coming morn,
"*When joy's* made perfect" with the bless'd the

Sally mourns over the Bodies.

Poor Sally now insists to see her boy!
They urge delay, but can no more prevail;
O mournful sight! 'tis death to youthful joy,
To hear a mother tell her mournful tale!
She kiss'd them both, she wash'd them with her te
She talk'd to them as if they still did live!
She ask'd them questions, told them of her fears:
The answer they refus'd, herself would give.

"Those eyes are clos'd that sparkl'd so on me,
I'll kiss them dead, I've often kiss'd them living!
That wound I've dress'd,—how plain it is to see
Those lips are cold, that joy was always giving!
And here's sweet Rosa, smiling at thy side!
She's beautiful in death!—O woful day!
I fear'd she would not live to be thy bride;
I told thee, Rosa, as thou went away.

"And here's the mole upon thy lovely cheek:
Thou'lt never strike the harp again, for me;
Thy loss I'll not feel long, this heart will break,
And then I'll join my Henry and thee!
Thou smiles upon me still, as if thou felt
Thy mother's kisses on thy cold, cold brow;
As if thou knew Old Sally by thee knelt!
And kiss'd thee, love, as I have done, ere now."

Sally and Richard's Death.

But what approaches now, to bring relief?
Yet makes her sorrow have a louder tone?
'Twas poor Richard, thought to share her grief;
Alas! he found he could not bear his own;
The poor old man, he stood—survey'd the bed;
His blooming hopes saw wither'd in the bud!
His tears they flow'd, but silently were shed;
He wish'd to soothe his partner if he could.

"O Richard, we are childless, now—forlorn!
No tears are left, to weep us to the grave;
The blood that revell'd in this lifeless form,
Is cold, and now must lie within the grave!"
Poor Alice now came in! the grief's renew'd;
Each object that she sees, still brings to mind;
The room was now, in truth, with tears bestrew'd,
They wept those dead,—who, living, were so kind.

Old Sally ne'er was seen to smile again:
She did not long survive the awful loss,
And Richard follow'd e'er the moon did wane!
They left to Alice all their worldly dross;
She's Woodbine Cottage, and she tells this tale—
With tears of sympathy she moves each heart!—
If my poor lyre, those precious drops exhale,
I'm bless'd—I'm satisfi'd—I've play'd my part!

One grave receiv'd these lovers in its womb,
In silent corner, where they sleep in peace!
The lofty elm swells proudly o'er the tomb!
The legendary tale doth now increase,
For in its branches sits a lonely bird,
(So runs the tale) but I have heard it never,
At awful midnight, thus its song is heard:—
"Living or dead—I'm thine, I'm thine, for ever!"

FINIS.

EGBERT THE ROVER;

An Irregular Poem.

EGBERT THE ROVER:

AN IRREGULAR POEM.

ON Skerries' rude cliffs, where ocean's roar
Had wreck'd a rich vessel, and dash'd on its shore,
Poor Egbert was thrown by the foaming wave
That had buried his fellows in a watery grave!
He clung to a spar
That had borne him afar,
And had nought but his gold treasure sav'd:
For the wealth that he bore,
From Mexico's shore,
He the storms of the ocean had brav'd!

Egbert's Prayer.

Enfeebl'd, benumb'd, he reclines on the beach,
Till revolving waves threaten exhaustion to reach,
Whilst the thunders loud roar, and the flash vivid gleams,
And the deluging rain on poor Egbert now streams,
He still clings to life,
For the sake of his wife,
And his sweet little Fanny, that clung to his knee;
He breathes a soft pray'r,
He abandons despair,
Says, "the wealth that I've sav'd, is enough for us three!"

Now the moon's weeping ray o'er the solitudes throw
A glimmering of hope, tho' impregnate with wo!
For Egbert descried not nor hovel nor shed,
To give warmth to his limbs, or to shelter his head
And the winds hollow moan,
As he wanders alone,
And despair well nigh seiz'd on his mind!
When a cabin he sees,
Warmly shelter'd with trees,—
"Now thank thee, great God!—thou art kind!"

Egbert's sympathy.

Now with faintness, and cold, his strength is o'erthrown,
And welcome's this shed—for the cattle a home,
'Gainst the cold piercing blast, and the winter's wild thaw,
Where they're succour'd with fodder, and bedded in straw;
And against summer's heat,
Forms a cool retreat,
When the gad-fly shall sting them sore!
Now it shelters the brave,
From a watery grave,
Poor Egbert, that's wash'd on the shore!

Poor care-worn wretch, thou art stretch'd on straw,
But thy spirit, still troubl'd by terrors thou saw,
Forbids thee to slumber, forbids thee to weep,
For thy poor hapless shipmates, that sunk in the deep!
Till, nature o'erthrown,
Quite exhausted is grown,
And death's counterfeit, lends him her aid,
As the moon's bright rays,
On his cold cheek plays,
Poor Egbert, in slumbers is laid.

Egbert repeats.

Oh! happy forgetfulness! welcome to those,
Who, exhausted with pain, or distracted with woes:
Which gives the slave freedom, bids the sick man to li
And dream of such joys as this world ne'er can give—
The sweet comforts of life,
His child and his wife,
He clasps in his fond embrace;
Of joys thus seen
It is Heav'n to dream—
See the smile mantle o'er his face!

Now Cynthia retiring, and pale with dismay,
At the horror-fraught night, when the bright god of
Rides up in the east, with his chariot of gold,
And makes lovely nature most sweet to behold;
A zephyr-like breeze
Kiss'd the tenanted trees,
And the warblers their matins sung loud,
All was gay, save the shore,
Strew'd with corses o'er,
In the rock-weed, that serv'd for their shroud!

Egbert's discovery.

'Twas at this time, refresh'd by the hours he had slumber'd,
Poor Egbert awoke—and his treasures he number'd!
To heaven he kneels, and with heartfelt pray'r,
Thanks God, that made him his peculiar care!
"No more now I'll brave
The treacherous wave,
Past dangers and sufferings no tongue can tell,
Twelve summers are flown,
Since I left my sweet home!
I hope that my Margaret and Fanny are well."

Now he rose with intent on his journey to hie,
When his ear was assail'd by a pitiful sigh!
He astonish'd, look'd round, when with horror he saw
A poor ragged girl, on a pallet of straw!
She in sleep throbb'd with fear,
Down her cheek roll'd a tear!
Egbert, cut to the heart, like a statue he stood!
She gave a loud scream,
As she spoke in her dream,
"Don't *beat me*—don't beat me, and I will be good!"

True Devotion.

"Don't beat thee," (cries Egbert) as his big heart was full,
"The wretch that could harm thee, I'd fracture his skull!
Poor wanderer! thou'rt land-wreck'd, and destin'd to roam,
I'll not go without thee, thou shalt share my sweet home!"
But as thus he spake,
The poor girl did wake,
And fear, and terror, her heart did feel,
"Kind stranger, 'tis truth,
O pity my youth,
I came not, I came not, believe me, to steal."

"O kneel not to man who was form'd from the clod,
Rise, rise, my poor girl! kneel only to God,
Thy weeping forbear, thy terrors dispel,
In me, thou'st a friend, thy story pray tell:
Nor doubt but thy case,
In my weather-beat face
Finds a friend, whom thy fortune thinks hard;
Nor think it thy part,
To less value my heart,
'Cause it beats 'neath an old ragged garb!"

The Girl's Story.

The big tear from her cheek, he wip'd with his vest!
But her sighs, and her sobs, spoke a heart not at rest,
Yet in soothing, kind Egbert succeeded so well,
She essay'd now with mildness, her story to tell:—
"Poor mother is dead,
And father is fled,
From our sweet little cottage, they forc'd me to go,
The workhouse, they said,
Would shelter my head—
But there, for poor me, there was nothing but wo!

"I to service was sent, but my mistress was hard,
For beatings most cruel, were all my reward!
I had scarce a night's rest, I was pinch'd in my meals,
I was work'd in the house, I was work'd in the fields,
Till with lash and stroke,
My spirit was broke;
I fled, all misfortunes to brave,
Regardless of storm,
To bury this form
In the ocean, my poor father's grave!

Egbert discovers his Daughter.

"I was but yet small, when my father he left us,
Yet well I remember, in his arms how he press'd us;
Poor mother and me!—she wept—told her fears!
And I was still bath'd with their parting tears!
I little then thought
Life with sorrow so fraught,
As my poor father plough'd the ocean's rude wave!
We could ne'er from him hear,
He is drowned, I fear,
And poor mother lies peaceful and cold in her grave!"

"Great God!" he exclaim'd, "what's thy name? prithee tell?
For thy sorrows, I fear, are to me known too well!
Thy mother! O tell me! she from Ulverston came:
O say, I implore thee!—was Margaret her name?"
"She was Margaret call'd,
By young and by old,
And all through the village, did love her!
I, by neighbours and mammy,
Was call'd, 'Little Fanny!'
My father, 'Brave Egbert, the Rover!'"

Egbert discovers his Daughter.

The scene that now follow'd, no pen can note,
Poor Egbert's full heart swell'd into his throat,
It choak'd him of utterance, it stifled his wishes,
He could only embrace her, and crown her with kisses!
Gaining utterance, at length,
And recruiting in strength,
"Dear Fanny, my child! I'm thy father," he said,
She rais'd her sweet eye,
Heav'd a pitiful sigh,
Then fainted, and sank in his arms, the sweet maid!

"O power supreme! her sweet senses restore,
To a father long lost, O yield her once more,
She revives! she revives! O Fanny, my dear,
Have courage, sweet treasure, 'tis thy father that's
Thy poor mother is gone
To the silent tomb!
Thy father's return'd, love, with wealth for thee
Without labour or strife,
We've enough for life,
I thought to have shar'd it,—have shar'd it wi

Egbert rejoices.

Her senses restor'd, and their sorrows forgot,
They repair'd to the village, where stood their sweet cot:
He lays out his treasure,—he knows no scant
In purchasing clothing, such as they want,
And his Fanny, I ween,
Is dress'd like a queen,
And her father takes pride thus to show her;
Who would late at her sneer,
They now come to see her,
And are proud and most happy to know her.

Brave Egbert, who is laid up in moorings, for life,
Now joys o'er his daughter, now weeps o'er his wife,
Smoaks his pipe, drinks his ale—old battles fights o'er!
By the rich he's respected—belov'd by the poor!
And his Fanny, she claims
The attention of swains,
Who from all quarters come, by her love to be crown'd;
But she's plighted her faith,
To honest young Ralph,
He was all that could smile, when stern poverty frown'd.

FINIS.

SNOWDON & ROSABELL;

An Irregular Poem.

SNOWDON & ROSABELL:

AN IRREGULAR POEM.

'TWAS May's sweet morn, the sun did shine,
The lark had left its dewy nest,
Soaring in æther—sung divine,
When Snowdon left his bed of rest,
And leaving Liverpool's detested scenes, tho' gay—
To Everton,—sweet heavenly seat! he took his way.

The stately mansions pleas'd his eye,
The scented blossoms fill'd the air,
But still he heav'd the lonely sigh:
A sigh no breast but one could share!
And she was buried in the trackless ocean deep!
And Snowdon still is doom'd to think on Rose, and weep.

Snowdon's Soliloquy.

Her portrait from his bosom drew,
Those features known to him so well,
Made lover's tears to flow anew,
As still he call'd on Rosabell;
And holding converse with this mimic work of art,
Renew'd the dormant sorrow of his fond, tho' broken heart!

"And are those eyes, those sparkling gems,
Now cold in death,—for ever clos'd!
That lovely smile my grief condemns,
And says, 'heav'n's will, don't thou oppose.'
Those lovely ruby lips, which falsehood never stain'd,
Those dimpled modest cheeks, that blush'd when love was nam'd!

"That snowy neck this arm has pillow'd,
That lovely bosom, void of guile,
In ocean's gulph is now embillow'd,
No joy shall Snowdon's grief beguile!
But woods and echoing rocks, in plaintive note shall tell,
'*That* Snowdon wept, and mourn'd, and died for Rosabell!'

Snowdon's Soliloquy.

"I'll seek some lonely dreary shade—
The ozier-ground shall be my bed,
Till falling leaves my shroud has made!
They'll cover sweetly when I'm dead!
The mournful stock-dove's note, in plaintive dirge shall tell!
And angels catch my fleeting soul, and bear't to Rosabell!

"And there, in bless'd celestial joys,
Reliev'd from wo, and earthly pain,
No parents' harsh, our love destroys,
There, there, sweet Rose, thou'rt mine again!
Extatic, heav'n-felt bliss! what forms, what words can tell,
My soul now springs, on ærial wings, and soars to Rosabell."

Enraptur'd thus, with youth's past joys,
By love's young dreams thus led away,
His long-lost path to gain, he tries,
For Sol was mounting high in day;
And now to rest his wreakless form, and ease his weary feet,
He mends his pace, he winds the dale, but no such place can meet.

Snowdon gains the Cottage.

Unconscious of his way, he roam'd
Where wild flow'rs sweet, did fields adorn,
And bashful streams, by briar entomb'd,
Wash'd vallies fill'd with ripening corn,
The laughing meads, the faint blue hills, in pensive dista
show'd,
From noise and strife, and ills of life, this, stranger, is
road.

At length, a welcome cot he meets:—
Warm sheltering from the winter's blast,
And what protects it, forms the sweets,
Sweets that make summer's joys to last!
Laburnum, woodbine, chesnut, all, their fragrant sw
combine,
To deck with flower, this lovely bower, and warmth
winter's clime.

The gate of twisted oaken boughs,
A cooling harbour, privit bound,
The porch where lovely sweet briar grows,
And walls where ivy clings around;
Attractive beauties, such as these, to Snowdon's hara
mind,—
So passing sweet seem'd this retreat, the inmate mus

Snowdon enters the Cot.

Approaching up the rosy path,
The latch he rais'd, the door push'd by,
A voice within, which kindness hath,
Cried, "enter, stranger, don't be shy,
This cottage never clos'd its door on sorrow or distress,
I hope it neither now receives, tho' none can tell from dress.

"I am old you see, my day's gone by,
I scarce can hobble to my door!
I've lost my teeth—I've lost one eye,
Yet God, you see, regards the poor!
And here I sit, tho' now half blind, with rapture read his word:
I bless each day, I sing, I pray, I'm happier than a lord!"

"O honor'd sire, 'tis not the young,
Nor yet the gay, the proud or great,
To take it at their father's tongue,
And heir it, as they do their 'state,
Happiness from virtue springs,—'tis there, and there alone,
She oftener dwells in cots, or cells, than lords it on the throne."

The Cottager welcomes him.

"Approach, my friend, and take a seat,
Some lurking sorrow fills your breast!
At least I'll ease your weary feet,
If I impart no other rest;
And be not niggard of your speech, or sorrow's doleful tale,
'Twill ease your grief, 'twill give relief,—to cure, perhaps 'twill fail!

"But will you some refreshment take?
Is want or poverty, your lot?
I'll gladly offer cheese and cake,
With ale that's brew'd beneath our cot;
The lovely fair that makes this cot so happy, free, and gay,
Is absent now, on holy vow,
With priests to sing and pray!"

"Kind father, I am not in need
Of earthly gifts, or wealth in store,
But joy, or bliss, or love, indeed,
I'll never, never, taste them more!
There is a worm with cankering tooth, that on my vital preys,
It saps the core, it revels o'er
My strength and youthful days."

The Cottager welcomes him.

"My son, I've seventy winters seen,
I've worldly toils stoutly bore,
I've stood the shock where death has been,
And fac'd the battling cannon's roar:
Yet was reserv'd for better days, the calms of life to taste,
With pension small, my little hall
Above keen want is plac'd.

"Five summers now have shed their bloom,
Since my old partner left this earth!
None did I think could fill her room,
Nor joys for me could e'er have birth!
But Providence to man is kind, and marks his erring ways,
And did prepare an angel fair,
To soothe my latter days.

"Yet she in sorrow found this cot,
And bore an infant in her arms!
From pity's voice she kept aloof,
And none would hear, that prais'd her charms,
But time has something sooth'd her grief, her infant boy now talks,
With artless prattle, with toy and rattle,
He charms her pensive walks.

"But where she's from, or who she is,
Or where, or whence, her income flows,
None here but father Amathis,
Her confessor—he only knows,
For she the Roman Church pursues, and heaven wi
I'm sure,
She never fails to give her means,
Whene'er distress comes to her.

"Yon room, that holds her pedal harp,
With choicest books, and pictur'd saints,
And bed-room o'er—that forms her part,
In which she lives, nor makes complaints,
Her grace and beauty's known to all, but none shall c
name,
The poor's ne'er left, of hope bereft,
Since 'neath this roof she came."

Whilst thus his faithful tale relating,
Not minding what the stranger felt,
Poor Snowdon's eyes, at its relating,
Suffus'd with grief, in tears did melt,

Snowdon much affected.

My aged friend," he cried, "forbear, forbear, whilst I unfold,
E'er yet I go, my tale of wo!
Which ne'er to man was told!
My tale of wo, will strongly prove, religion was my ruin,
'Twas sects that have their different faith,
Which led to my undoing!"

EPISODE.

"My morn of life was gay and bright,
As summer sun's unclouded rays,
I little thought that clouds of night,
Could dim the lustre of my days!
No cheerful lark that hails the dawn,
Whilst fluttering high on dewy wing,
Could more delight to hail the morn, —
Could more enjoy the sweets of spring!
O'er wood and brake, o'er murmuring stream,
O'er flowery dales I gaily rov'd,
I sipp'd each flower, where sweets did teem,
Till 'twas my fate to meet with love!

Snowdon's Story.

Sweet flow'r! that bloom'd in human form,
Whose charms the blushing rose might fear,
Whose eyes might Venus' self adorn,
Whose bosom swell'd with charms most dear,
That man, forgetful of his fate,
Could only look to cause the sigh,
No joy but her, he found too late,
To lose her, was to droop and die;
But mine it was the happy lot,
To gain this blushing, lovely flow'r,
Beneath the bow'r, in lonely spot,
She own'd her heart was in my pow'r;
I clasp'd her in my trembling arms,
I press'd her to my throbbing breast,
I gaz'd with rapture on her charms,
I vow'd she'd given me endless rest,
I kiss'd the tears that gemm'd her eye,
Whilst thus she spoke with accent sweet—
'That I am thine, ye Pow'rs on high!
Or celestial joys ne'er let me meet!
No head but thine this breast shall pillow,
This ring of gold shall bind the vow,
When thou'rt no more I'll wear the willow,
Dear Snowdon, I am thine from now!'

Snowdon's Story.

The pensive moon, with silver beam,
Did seem to bless the nuptial hour,
With joy, the twinkling stars did seem
To crown the union of the bow'r;
Sweet Philomel, her love-strain sung,
The gargling brook ran at our feet,
The echoing woods with rapture rung,
And seem'd t' enjoy our loves so sweet;
'Twas here, at stated times, we met
In secret bow'r, our loves to tell,
And nothing knew we of regret,
Till morning urg'd the word—'Farewell!'
'Twas then our melting hearts were torn,
Those words still falter'd on her tongue,
Her streaming eyes, like dews of morn,
Whilst still she on my bosom hung,
And yet, and yet, had more to say,
And still some love-strain left untold,
Till blushing morn would chide delay,
Threat'ning our secret loves t' unfold.

"'Twas thus sweet summer months had past,
And autumn yielded up her store!
The promis'd hour to meet, was past,
And I her absence did deplore;
The night grew dark, the tempest rag'd,
The weeping moon withdrew her light,
My trembling heart with fear presag'd
To our sweet loves, some early blight.
The hollow wind, with dismal moan,
The lonely spirit of the wood,
Did pierce the rocks, with echoing groan!
The river roar'd with frantic flood,
The castle bell, with drifting sound,
Proclaim'd night's solemn noon arriv'd,
With grief I cast my eyes around,
No cheering sight my soul reviv'd:
At length I faintly heard a scream,
I fear'd—yet hop'd my love was nigh;
I listen'd!—but 'twas all a dream,
Or woods that breath'd a lonely sigh;
Poor houseless traveller, I said,
That faintly climbs the mountain steep,
And calls in vain for human aid,
Till cold, and numb, he sinks in sleep!

Snowdon's Fears.

A sleep that ends his earthly wo,
His wife and children thus forsakes,
A sleep, in which we all must go,
From which, poor wretch! he never wakes!

"Again, a rustling noise I heard!
The light'ning lent a friendly gleam!
I saw, distinct, I saw, and fear'd
Her angel form had caught the beam!
I sprung to catch her in my arms,
And press her to my bosom true,
And shield her from all future harms,
She knew this, and she felt it too—
But, oh! the sorrow of that night!
To find my Rosabell so pale!
Her nerves unstrung by strange affright,
Still she did weep, and thus bewail:—
'Snowdon, my love! I am thy ruin!
My cruel father's doom'd thy fate!
Thy love for me is thy undoing—
Fly! fly! my love, ere 'tis too late!
Thy father's not of catholic blood,
Thou know'st my stubborn father's way,

They part.

Assassins wait thee near this wood,
And I to France am forc'd away;
But I'll not leave thee unprotected,
Whilst thou'rt expos'd, we'll never part,
Ere thou'rt by murderers' arms molested,
They'st sheath their dagger in this heart!
Thou know'st thou'rt mine, thou'rt mine for ever!
In heav'n, our tender loves had birth,
If thou art harm'd, I'm lost for ever,
Thou'rt all my joy, love, on this earth!'

"I tried in vain to sooth her fears,
And take her to her father's hall,
But still she bath'd me with her tears,
And said—'Together let us fall.'
She saw me safe, and then we parted;
But of that parting, what words can tell?
'Twould grieve, 'twould melt the stoutest hearted,
To see me part with Rosabell!
To see her lovely arms a clinging,
Round the heart that lov'd her well,
To see her part, and still returning,
Once more to kiss a last farewell!

They part.

I thought my heart could ne'er survive it,
I look'd, she like an angel seem'd;
No bliss, no joy, could e'er revive it,
The breast is cold where once it beam'd;
To Indian climes I took my way,
To ease my grief, to lull my woes,
Hoping to see some happier day,
When I might live t' enjoy my Rose.

But fate soon check'd this sanguine joy,
In passage o'er the wave,
She gave birth to a little boy—
Both met a watery grave:
For we, in secret were united
By priest, who dar'd not name,
His hopes, for ever, had been blighted,
Had he confess'd the same.

"But now I feel life ebb apace,
My race is nearly run,
I soon shall gain my resting place,
And join my wife and son;
I've talk'd too long—my eyes are dim—
O God! thou'lt call me now!—

I[illegible] friend, this case, there's that within,
Will serve thee here below;
This portrait, wash'd with lover's tears,
O never let us part,
When I am dead—O ease my fears,
Pray, place it next my heart!
And lay me 'neath the weeping willow,
Let my stone this story tell,
Here Snowdon sleeps on earth's cold pillow,
Who liv'd and died for Rosabell!"

These words he spoke, while strength declining,
The cotter's heart was fill'd with grief,
He on the sofa lay reclining,
But none was there to give relief.
The door now op'd, the lady enter'd,
Whom sweet devotion led from home,
The cottager seem'd now contented—
"Thank God," he cried, "that here you're come-
I've felt the battle rage about me,
I've strode o'er corses drench'd in gore,
But never till this Snowdon found me,
Felt I grief like this before."

They meet and Die.

At that lov'd name she flew to greet him,
  But, who can paint her mind distress'd,
In death's cold grasp thus soon to meet him
  Her portrait pressing to his breast.—
"Snowdon, my love, 'tis me that calls!
  'Tis Rosabell that bathes thy brow,
Her streaming eyes that on thee falls,
  Oh! wake my love, and bless me now!
Look not so pale, my Snowdon dear,
  But ope those eyes that beam'd like day—
They're seal'd! they're seal'd in death, I fear!
  And life is ebbing fast away!
Whilst thus she mourn'd, his eyes were rais'd
  As if to take a last farewell,
They fix'd on hers with ardent gaze,
  He, dying, smil'd on Rosabell!

She tried for words, but could not speak,
  Grief, grief, did so her bosom swell,
She kiss'd his cold and pallid cheek,
  And bid the world a last farewell!

No earthly power their hearts could sever,
With heav'n they're bless'd, and bless'd for ever!

wely boy the priests receiv'd,

ath's by all the country griev'd!

low waves—the wild flow'r covers

ave, where sleep these hapless lovers,

The tube is rais'd that shows full well,

Where Snowden sleeps with Rosabell!

FINIS.

TO MY MARE GIP.

TO MY MARE GIP.

'TIS not that horse by Homer sung,
Which from the streaming blood had sprung,
That blood which Perseus caus'd to flow—
Medusa's head receiv'd the blow,
The purple stream from earth it springs,
And soars aloft—a horse with wings—
'Tis nam'd, or nick-nam'd Pegasus,
And gallops through the brain of us,
That claims alliance with the Muses,
Who, oft, alas! their aid refuses!
Then restive Pegasus gets master,
The poet's dubb'd—"The poetaster."

Ancient Heroes.

Nor is't that horse (that's told to us)
Th' Athenians call'd Bucephalus,
Which Alexander rode and had,
Till pride and glory drove him mad!

Nor yet that lean and high-bon'd beast
By Quixotte rode—though last, not least
Of knight-errants, who fought and bled!
For lovely woman 'twas he shed
That vital stream—till grown scanty,
Left him as lean as Rosinante.
I love the objects that he fought for,
And nought's so worthy to be sought for:
But still his plan seems heterogeneal,
My own to me, seems more congenial,
To love the darlings take their part,
But still at home to keep your heart,
This observation's only carry'd,
To those, who, like myself, are marry'd.

There is a horse, (I'd near forgot)
That carry'd Syntax—'twas his lot,
Ere that adventurer made a stir,
To carry Brass, the Trumpeter.

Gip's History.

But that is not the horse I mean
To make the subject of this theme,
And lest you think I act unfair,
My horse, I'll tell you, is a mare!
And as she's gray, you'll say, of course,
"The gray mare is the better horse,"
When you shall hear this story's sequel,
For my eyes never saw her equal.
She's Gipsy call'd, (although of late,
We're oft oblig'd t' abbreviate,)
And if the tongue don't make a slip,
She gets no more of name, than—GIP.

A milkman call'd her his ere while,
He kept her in the roughest style;
She never fail'd to do his bidding,
At night, she slept upon his midding:
A curry-comb, or whisp of straw,
Her speckl'd carcase never saw:
The only good he did for thee,
Was when he sold thee unto me.
Thou well deserv'st the home thou'st got,
For thine was sure a bitter lot,

Gip's History.

To serve a man who work'd thee hard,
Who neither whip, or whip-cord spar'd,
And when, alas! thou didst thy best,
No food was thine, nor proper rest.

Come, prick thy ears, and lash thy tail:
If this, thy home, should ever fail,
Thy lot may be to serve again,
Some more of flinty-natur'd men:
But whilst I live, 'tis my behest,
That thou shouldst stay at Throstle-Nest.
The brick that forms my brewery wall,
The stable that contains thy stall,
The mortar, slate, and timber, too,
It was thyself alone, that drew,
Then surely it were hard, if thou,
Shouldst have to seek a master now.
Thou never shalt whilst I'm alive!
If it's reserv'd for me to thrive,
Whilst I've a house or home to share,
Thou ne'er shalt want a stall, my mare!
Come, prick thy ears, and lash thy tail,
This home, I trust, will never fail.

Gip's Tail.

Thou'st all the tail that nature gave,
And thou shalt wear it to the grave,
'Tis cruel man that cuts the rump,
And leaves the beast a nine-inch stump;
If I'd my will, and nature's shears,
He'd walk abroad without his ears!
Presumptuous fool! and worse than Turk,
Who thinks he'll mend great nature's work,
Disgraces manhood to the grave—
He takes, what e'en the Turk would leave.

Short'ning rumps was first invented
By farriers, who, not contented
With curing evils incidental;
To make these sores are instrumental,
In order to enhance their bills,
By searing-iron, knife, and pills;
They've never had one inch of thine,
Nor any other horse of mine,
Nor ever shall, whilst I am able
To rear a colt within my stable:
Though some, I do regret to say,
Past through my hands, bred far away,

With scarce more tail than Shanter's Meg,
When past the "Key-stane o' the brig,"
When "Cutty Sark," that Highland strump,
Bore all away, except the rump;
'Tis gone! 'tis gone! away Meg flies,—
No weapon's left to scare the flies!
Beneath their sting, she now must groan,
For all—except the stump, is gone.

I've heard a fox, (they're cunning devils)
That had befall'n the worst of evils:
He was entrapp'd, did much bewail,
And paid a ransom with his tail!
He careless, met his old acquaintance,
Said, "A tail was quite a nuisance,
In town he'd been, and all the fashion
Was stumps, and tails were out of fashion."
But Reynard met with scorn and laughter,
And never herded with them after.

And horses, were it left to them,
(Instead of knives, and cruel men,)

Remarks on Tails.

ıld wear their tails, as nature gave them,
kick the hounds that dar'd to shave them;
ee, lash thy tail, and set thy head,
ıch a humble bard gets read,
ee who now thy praise indites,
ıu wilt be known, when he who writes
oulder'd into dust again,
ght left of what now guides the pen,
en all those steeds by poets fam'd,
ch far exceed all I have nam'd,
ll dwell upon the classic's lip,
haps he'll find a place for Gip,
umble steed that fill'd a dray
his, who wrote this humbler lay.

ıou'st shafted many a load of malt,
nd never yet was seen at fault:
r when the word to thee was given,
he load must come, or stones were riven
om out the rooted pavement strong;
ve seen thy belly stretch'd along
he causeway, blazing still the while,—
hou never flinch'dst, though 'twere a mile.

Gip's Fault.

And though so well thou draw'st my malt,
Thou know'st, old Gip, thou hast a fault.
The other day, thou took the road,
Contemptuous of a lightish load,
A horse that travell'd on before,
Too slow for thee, which made thee sore,
Thou bolted by, upon the gallop,
Which made my empty barrels fly up;
The noise thou madest, 'twas plain to see,
Made him to gallop fast as thee,—
You had not gallop'd far, before
You met a justice—and what's more,
A certain clerk, with courts connected,
And in a fine were both detected;
'Twas fair that thou shouldst pay thy part,
Thou shouldst pay both, with all my heart,
If thou hadst money of thy own,
For he no galloping had shown,
But quietly pursued his way,
And would have walk'd the summer's day,
But thou for galloping was willing,
And got him fin'd full fifteen shilling;
Thy driver, Harry, paid the same,
And, though innocent, bore the blame.

Remarks on Backers.

reproach with other matter,
ı'rt not esteem'd so good a backer,
ı'lt forward pull, as I have told,
ıcking thou art rather cold,
that's a fault, Gip, now-a-days,—
:ers are useful many ways!
prize-fighters are little thought,
ss they're back'd, and science-taught,—
''re "Fancy" call'd, in prose and rhyme,
y be so,—they're none of mine.

ı two or three months bills get out,
'n on whom?—you ask about
ccepter, drawer, have their station,
are rogues, in coalition;
ind out one! he's call'd Delirious;
ɔther's worse,—he's Facinereous;
ıow for backers that you look!
ey stand good, the bill is took,
backers, Gip, have now no equal,
will prove thee, in the sequel.
ious never meets the bill,
Facinereous never will;
luent course it now must take,
ɔch *endorser* now does quake:

Gip's Driver.

For if a post he lets pass by,
The game is up!—'tis all my eye!

To seek the drawer, or his master,
He might as well seek ignis fatuus;
The account from off his book may wipe,
And with the bill may light his pipe,—
Pity, that trade should be thus curs'd,
'Twas only fit for that at first!
O! that men, in this emporium,
Would use such bills, to light stramonium,
And smoke it in their cheerful pipes,
And hang the rogues that fly such kites;
Old Gip, thou'st not this sin to answer,
Though in thy day thou'st been a prancer;
Thou'st drawn my barrels, full and empty,
Thou'st drawn me hops and malt in plenty;
Thous't drawn what drowns the poor man's ills,
But none can say, thou drew bad bills.

Thy driver, in his cups, one night,
Was bragging of thy pow'r and might,
A curious wag, not wanting sense,
Said, "thou could'st not draw an inference,"

Reflection on Gip.

This imputation rous'd his blood,
He jump'd, and swore out-right, thou could,
He'd risk his wages, that thou'd won,
If th' inference wasn't 'bove four ton.

I've told thy faults—thy virtues, too!
And as no price will part us two:
If I should live to see thee dead,
Within my land thou'st lay thy head—
The hungry dog may stand aloof;
Thy flesh shall never feel his tooth,
Thy mottl'd hide shall ne'er be stripp'd,
Or, may I through the world be whipp'd:
Nor from thy hoof the blacksmith pilfer
One nail, or shoe, although 'twere silver,
But shoes and hide shall with thee lay,
And some few tears will wet thy clay,
For thou'rt a favorite with my wife,
And (those, who, dear to me as life)
My prattlers—see them round thee skip,
And clap thy sides, and call thee Gip,
And though with lusty load thou'rt tir'd,
Thou seem'st quite pleas'd to be admir'd,

Thoughts on Separation.

And if the maid neglect her trust,
For Gip, the rogues will steal a crust;
And should they round thy grave assemble,
Their tears will flow, they'll not dissemble,
Their little hearts will swell with sorrow,
They'll say, "we'st have no Gip, to-morrow."
Should I, before thee, Gip, be call'd,
Thou'lt follow me, and be empall'd,
And if my wardrobe, boots don't lack,
Thou'lt bear them slung across thy back!
Perhaps thou'lt feel thou know'st my end,
Perhaps thou'lt feel thou'st lost a friend,
But should things prosper well at home,
To find a friend thou need'st not roam,
My son still lives—the lad's my own!

FINIS.

THE BARD'S PLAINT.

THE BARD'S PLAINT.

I'M the exile of hope and of home,
I'm a stranger to all that is dear,
I languish for days that may come,
Alas! will they never appear!
No menial that eats of my bread,
But is happy, far happier than I,
The pillow that's prest by this head,
Absorbs what will flow from the eye.

When I visit the bower* I love,
My babes, as they stretch out their arms,
With smiles, their affection to prove,
Reproach me, for leaving such charms!
Ah! little they know what I feel,
When I kiss them, and bid them 'good bye,'
And out of their presence I steal,
Lest the tear-drop should flow from their eye.

* Throstle Nest.

Affection.

When they miss me, and cry out their dole,
Can a father's fond bosom withstand?
No:—it penetrates deep to my soul,
And with tears I am quickly unman'd!
Is it wise to return and to soothe?
Ah! no: 'twill but add to their grief!
Fresh tears in their eyes will but prove
'Tis my presence alone gives relief.

Then why should I add to distress,
By repeating their sorrows again?
Had my lambkins but clung to me less,
I had left them the happiest of men;
But their cries still remain on my mind,
And their tear-drops are froze at my heart,
It reproaches a father unkind,
From such innocent love thus to part.

I'm a stranger to them and my love,
I am strange to the bow'r I have made,
E'en my dog will fidelity prove,
By growling, and bark at my shade!
Ah! when will those moments arrive,
That will make the sweet bower my home?
To attain that dear object I strive,
Yet I fear that it never will come!

Obscurity.

ays have both blossom'd and bloom'd,
ter'd their leaves in the wind!
grance the desert perfum'd,
r fruit I could never yet find;
ow leaf waves o'er my brow,
als to me wisdom and truth!
liage! ah, where art thou now?
ish'd unknown, in my youth!

r shelter'd the plant,
barren rock cankerd it's root:
isture of science did want,
winter's blast blighted the fruit!
was it brought to the sun,
r its barrenness found—
e that its fruit might have won,
ih'd, and sunk to the ground.

th, had some fostering hand,
dness, remov'd from the wild,
t encumber'd the land,
d the soft hand that had tril'd!—
—the sweet moment has flown,
h is with barrenness riven,
ers on earth are unknown,
ain shall re-echo in heaven.

Regret.

My true love, ah! little she dreams,
How seldom this trunk has to bloom,
Though florid and healthy it seems,
There's decline that she'll find out too soon,
For the axe now is laid to the root,
And will prove at its core there's decay!
The pleasure in absence she took,
Will be sorrow, when I'm in the clay!

Then she'll mourn over moments that's fled,
She'll regret the sweet hours that were lost!
In absence they past o'er her head,
And her sighs, and her tears are the cost;
My sweet bow'r, will it bloom as before?
Shall its beauty a stranger's eye see?
Shall its sweetness my Betsey deplore?
Alas! it has ne'er bloom'd for me.

But in absence and exile I mourn,
Till thy voice it grows strange to mine ear,
And the smiles of the infant thou'st borne,
Is wasted on forms that's less dear!
Do I tax thee with scorn or neglect?
O! perish the thought, evermore!
For thy heart, should the skilful dissect,
Would find me engrav'd on its core!

Temper.

Thou'st been tender and loving to me,
And without thee, my soul would expire!
And the world were its grave, but for thee!
Thou'rt its God!—its Promethean fire!
Is it sin thus to love and adore!
Is it madness, to cherish the flame?
If it be—I have much to deplore,
For I still must adore thee the same.

I have much in myself, love, to mourn,
But I ne'er was inconstant to thee;
With patience, my temper thou'st borne,
The reflection is hateful to me!
Had I lov'd thee with ardour less pure,
Hadst thou known the true source of thy wo,
Thy heart had prescrib'd its own cure,
And thy tears they had ceas'd for to flow.

Though my temper's the ocean's wild surf,
Still my heart's like the Halcyon wave—
One will rage till I'm cover'd with turf,
One will love till I'm cold in the grave!
I've a smile for the cheerful and gay,
I've a tear for the sorrow not mine!
That bosom, where love hath full sway,
I will cherish, and pledge in my wine.

The Tomb.

I covet nor riches nor fame,
I envy not Crœsus his wealth,
Let dishonour, my mind never stain,
I'm in poverty bless'd, if I've health;
O'er my tomb let my friends heave the sigh,
Let them say, "He's in memory dear,"
'Tis the heart I would touch, not the eye!
I ask not, I crave not the tear.

Will those joys, alas! never be mine?
To inhale the sweet breeze of the eve,
To partake of those blessings divine,
Which, possessing, I shortly must leave;
Will my bow'r never own me its lord?
Shall I visit,—as stranger, or guest?
I'm estrang'd from the form that's ador'd,—
Had I these, I'd be happy and blest.

I love to arise with the sun,
And to brush the fresh dew of the morn;
I could toil till his splendour is done,
And my music should flow from the thorn.
Be my mirror, thou pure glassy stream;
Be my altar, thou shady sweet grove;
If delusion like this, be a dream,
I'd ne'er wake, 'tis the dream that I love.

Conclusion.

I'm the exile of hope and of home,
I'm a stranger to all that is dear,
I languish for days that may come,
Alas! will they never appear?
No menial that eats of my bread,
But is happy, far happier than I,
The pillow that's prest by this head,
Absorbs what will flow from the eye.

FINIS.

TO THE

PORTRAIT

OF THE

RT. HON. GEORGE CANNING.

LUCUBRATORY LINES,

ADDRESSED TO THE PORTRAIT

OF

The Rt. Hon. George Canning,

Which hangs over the Author's Mantle Piece.

HAIL to thee! CANNING, England's truest friend!
Puissant Minister, whose powers shall lend
To thy contemporaries, wit and skill,
To make their subjects boast—their Sovereign's will.
No turgid line of verse shall fill my lays,
For tumid numbers ne'er could sound thy praise,
Thy matchless praise! thy policy profound!
As dew spreads farther nearest the ground,
So will thy virtues spread if unconfin'd,
By metric cannons, and by strains refin'd—
Therefore, my Lucubrations shall be plain—
Thy praise, their glory—and its truth, their fame!

Thy sapience, honor, and thy private worth,
Some abler pen than mine should blazon forth;
But, as it is, they all decried thy name,
Thy clustering honors and thy rising fame,
And now, (apostate like) they blush for shame

Thy "Lisbon Job"—'twas thus the cant began,
Stamp'd thee a knave, and supercilious man;
And when thou didst preside at th' "Board Controul,"
They spatter'd thee with lies and filth most foul—
The Spa Field rabble, worse than volcanic scum,
Their leader, one whom honest men would shun,
Bore in the air great Faction's charioteer,
His waving flags proclaim "there's nought to fear,"
In cap of liberty his lies he tells:
(I would that to his cap he'd added bells)
"The nation's ruin'd—sunk beyond relief,
And every minister's a rogue and thief—
Look to your interest, then—the bank we'll seize—
The spoil that's left is ours—do as you please—
A Government Provisional shall be form'd:
The Bank once ours—the Tower is easy storm'd—
We'll live and thrive when Parli'ment's reform'd.
Fear not the consequences—I have men
Respectable and honest, who will, when

The Leader's Speech.

Time shall serve, strip the Ministers their coats,
Shall send them packing, or shall cut their throats—
Watson, Waddington, Thistlewood, are all
Men that can nobly dare, or bravely fall,
Their truth and honor, none of you can doubt,
You'll know them better when you've found them out—
And then for active ministers, I've men,
Can wield their swords as easy as their pen,
For Generalissimo, we've Major Cartwright,
And Cobbett, Financier, will keep us all right;
Wooller shall lay his stale Black Dwarfs aside,
The Premier he shall be, he's prov'd and tried—
With men like these, your days will pass away,
And as for taxes—you'll have none to pay."

This was the cant that fill'd the rabble's ears—
The slave yet lives that spread those idle fears,
That utter'd libels 'gainst thy hallow'd name,
And waddl'd in his filth, like ducks in rain—
I'll recommend a retrospective glance,
To these said Radicals, and trust to chance
Whether it mends them, or reforms their course—
One consolation's left—they cann't be worse.

Hunt dated England's ruin "one little year,"
As time roll'd on it still was drawing near,

But when he lost his parli'ment'ry seat,
He spurious coffee made, from England's wheat,
And call'd them "Breakfast Powders, pure and wholesome,"
I drank them once—they made me sick and dolesome,
Perhaps my stomach had not been prepar'd
With Spa Field's tonics which the rest had shar'd—
He's chang'd his course I hear—his brain's been tacking,
Instead of stoving corn, he now boils blacking,
He now opposes Turner, Day and Martin,
And Warren wonders what he'll next be starting,
'Tis fitting he that nation now should polish,
Whose laws and sacred rights he'd fain demolish,
Tried to disturb the peaceful and the free—
Farewell, dear Hunt, I've had enough of thee!

Hail! Corporal Cobbett, with thy Register,
By bullying, here thou thought'st to make a stir,
But when thy stern pugnacity fell through,
Thy Trans-Atlantic trip thou thought'st would do,
That land thou hadst so lauded "Great and Free,"
Would not be dup'd or humbugg'd long by thee,
So back thou turn'dst thy course, for England roams,
And didst import to us great Tom Payne's bones—
Grand patriot, who, to favor this emporium,
Has rifled Hell, and plunder'd Pandemonium.

Cobbett's Prophecy.

Pity that Lucifer had spar'd such cargo,
Why not on both have laid a strict embargo?
But had thy prophecy been put in force,
Thou here hadst had a frizzling of course,
For with thy tongue and pen thou spokest out bold,
"If e'er the Bank of England paid in gold,
In Smithfield they might quickly get a fire on,
And frizzle Cobbett on a huge grid-iron."
The time is come, the grid-iron must defeat thee,
And Radicals, in wrath, they swear they'll eat thee!
They'll send about the country various messengers,
And keep the fire up with thy factious Registers.

Wooller, thy Dwarf is blacker than thyself—
They lay at large, unread, on every shelf—
Take to thy types, thy cases and thy press,
Reform thy morbid stuff, and publish less—
Let the last Dwarf, that ever sees the light,
Review my volume, and what's wrong set right,
Say what thou lik'st, I glory in a rumpus,
I'll meet thee, Dwarf, at any point o' th' compass—
I'm but a bumpkin, and 'tis fit thou know it,
A sort of driveling, whining, small beer poet,
Who tells thee as a friend, thy Dwarf's not read,
The Whigs are turn'd—the Radicals are dead,

Impartiality.

Smile! smile! great Minister, the work is thine—
Thy power to party thou didst ne'er confine,
But Catholic, Churchman, Tory, Whig, Dissenter,
Thou beardst them all, and serv'dst them at a venture
Thou thus disarm'dst their malice, wonst their hearts—
We've not a Radical in all these parts,
Each to a man will toast the Constitution,
Will damn the Radicals and Revolution—
E'en Colonel Starvegut, Little Woolton's dread,
Seeks refuge for his basilistian head,
Forbears to teaze the Mercury with letters,
Learns to be humble, and respect his betters,
Devotes his services among his neighbours,
Their fines remunerate his ardent labours,
Instead of preaching politics profound,
His farming yard he's made the parish pound;
Instead of charging foes, this man of metal
Levys contributions on the cattle
Which stray along the lane without a guard,
The fines he levys are his sweet reward.
When cattle see him now, they'll fly like Tartars,
Which gives him leisure to attend the carters;
Blame not his taste, or blush, or frown, or scoff it,
He makes their fines produce an equal profit,

He's much belov'd—his neighbours are so civil,
They think no sin to wish him at the devil.

Some time ago, I think 'twas in September,
He offer'd to become a county member,
The country round was all in arms to send him,
With ev'ry pow'r and influence they could lend him,
Swore they'd return him, or they'd never rest—
This feeling breath'd and glow'd in ev'ry breast,
I thought it paradoxical and strange,
Or 'mongst his neighbours there was wrought a change,
And ask'd a man more eager than the rest,
"Why all this ardour?" when he thus confess'd:
"With Colonel Starvegut, sir, we're not content,
We, therefore, wish him up in Parli'ment,
Our reasons for it, sir, are plain and clear,
When he's in Parli'ment, he'll not be here!"
This said, with loud huzza he join'd the throng,
And Colonel Starvegut dwelt on ev'ry tongue.

He searches Pedlars for their hawking license—
The females say, of honor he's a nice sense,
For when to filiate brats it is their lot,
He claims the time, the place, and how begot;
E'en plural lovers add not to their sins,
He'll summon both, for fear she should have twin

To Publicans he proves a sore tormentor,
He'll list to Scandal's vile and base inventor:
One case remains still freshly on my mind,
'Twill show in Honor's cause he's just and kind:—
A road-side house an aged couple kept,
Their ale was good, their hearth was neatly swept;
They toil'd to rear their children, various ways,
And here in peace they hop'd to end their days;
Their boys were growing up and gone to trade,
They'd but one daughter—she, a lovely maid,
Kept clean the house and waited on each guest—
Her parents saw her charms, and felt most blest
To see their girl, without a blot or stain,
Supply each want—the village rang her fame.
One day, a blackguard blacksmith enter'd, drunk,
For fraud or dissipation, none was sunk
So deep, so infamous—the country knew
His fraud and knavery, and his friends were few;
Thus, drunk and money-less, he ask'd for drink—
It was refus'd, as any one may think,
He tried to gain his point by threats of force,
By oaths, abuse, and most obscene discourse;
The old man, lame, and tottering under years,
Could not endure to have his daughter's ears

A True Tale.

Polluted by such language as he us'd,
Himself insulted, and his wife abus'd,
The old man's blood, it rush'd into his veins,
He makes an effort, and his right maintains;
To see his house from such a ruffian freed,
They struggle hard,—at length he did succeed
To push the ruffian from his peaceful door,
Then sank exhausted,—strength could yield no more!
The trap was set, the bait it had been taken,
He goes to Colonel Starvegut,—peace was shaken!
He was the justice, he must judge the case;
Now, on the road, he'd much abus'd his face,
And said Old Richard thus had us'd him ill,
'Twas all believ'd, and Starvegut took his fill
Of vengeance—for he had the nicest sense
Of granting *justice!*—hearing no defence!
He stopp'd the license, and he stopp'd their trade—
(Thank God, there now a better law is made,
No justice can, without good reasons giving,
Withold a license, and deprive our living.)

Here is a guardian of our country's rights,
Its favors, with ingratitude requites!
He prates to Canning, with his vile effront'ry,
Who is himself the pest and scourge o' th' country!

Thou askst Reform, too,—thou! thou silly elf,
Learn to be honest, and reform thyself!
Thou'lt be respected then, where now, thou'rt hated,
As sure as this is truth, which I've related!
I've much more matter, be it understood,
Which ne'er shall see the light, if thou'lt be good.

O! George, thy ministry's put all to rights!
Thy speaking portrait now my eye delights!
'Tis treasur'd by me, dearly as my kin—
We'll never part, (I'd think it were a sin)
Whilst I've a house or room to hang it in,
But with thy friends, I'll laugh, I'll drink, I'll sing,
Toast George, our Minister—and George, our King!

FINIS.

EXTEMPORARY EPITAPH,

FOR THE

Unfortunate Mr. Sadler,

Who was killed from his Balloon, in endeavouring to descend near Blackburn, by striking against a chimney, on the 29th of September, 1824; he had made a grand ascent from Bolton, being his thirty-first aerial voyage. The weather was too boisterous—but he had such an aversion to the disappointing a public assemblage, that he could not be dissuaded from making the attempt;—he was a worthy character—the Author knew him well, and did not recover from the shock his feelings sustained, at hearing of his unfortunate catastrophe, for many days. He has left one child, and an amiable wife far advanced in pregnancy, to lament his loss.

FAREWELL! dear Youth! thou'st made thy last ascent!
Thy mind, for loftier realms, display'd its bent;
Thy spirit's purified, thy fault's forgiven,
Thy soul's inflated with the dew of heav'n;

Angels and Archangels welcome thee above,
A Saviour crowns thee with celestial love,
Bids thee rejoice, nor e'er regret the change,
That gives thee through the realms of bliss to range
With Saints and Blessed Spirits—joy is thine,
And earthly friends are all that's left to pine,
To weep thy sad disaster, mourn thy fate—
Regret thy daring heart—alas, too late;—
Thy Weeping Consort, and thy Sireless Babe,
Are left to mourn that such machine was made—
And one, just asking of its mother birth,
Shall weep to learn, "A parent's left the earth."
They well may weep thy loss, thou best of men—
They'll soar to thee—thou'lt ne'er descend to them.

FINIS.

THE SABBATH MORN.

I.

Sweet, sweet and pleasant are the Sabbath morns,
Where inward grace inspires the soul with love,
When worldly cares give way to heavenly forms,
And tune the peaceful soul to God above.

II.

Belov'd Creator, still thy grace bestow,
And make me grateful for the joys I taste;
Thy presence blesses all that's here below!
Thy absence makes this world a dreary waste!

III.

My rugged paths of life are known to thee,
And oft thou'st chasten'd with affliction's rod,
But now I feel 'twas mercy shown to me,
It's made me know my Saviour and my God.

IV.

And whilst I know them, may I ne'er forget,
Each morn and eve, to pay them grateful prayer!
Since I'm no more by wordly ills beset,
'Tis thou, alone, hast made my path so fair.

V.

Blest with a mate that shares my earthly joys,
Who, when afflictions prest, hath shar'd the cup,
Has nurs'd with care, my lovely girls and boys,
And oft from wan despair, has borne me up.

VI.

Then grant, kind heav'n, continuance of my bliss!
Her babes to flourish like the ozier willow—
And when to realms above, I'm call'd from this,
No hand but *hers*, to soothe my deathly pillow.

VII.

May all the sequel of her life be spent
In peace and ease—her children all her pride!
And when her years are full, in sweet content
She'll sleep serenely at her lover's side!

FINIS.

LINES

Written on the Author's Recovery from a severe Fever, whilst on a Visit to his Mother-in-law, in London.

1814.

Ah! sweet rural vallies, I'll visit you soon,
And inhale the sweet air that your blossoms perfume,
Nor again shall gay pleasures induce me to rove,
From the friends I respect, and the wife that I love;
Oh! chide not, dear Bess, that so long I delay,
'Tis heaven's high will, and I must obey;
But this poor scorching brain that deprives me of rest,
Thou art ignorant of, and in that I am blest,
For to know what I suffer, would add to thy wo,
And make thee regret that thou e'er let me go,
But my nurse is thy mother, and heaven is kind,
In the first I am blest, to the latter resign'd.

My disease now is turn'd, my fever is flown,
"My shadow I'll follow, that points the way home,"
Should the distance fatigue, my bosom 'twill cheer,
To think of my prattlers—my wife—who's so dear?

SONG.

That I love thee, dear Bess, thou wilt never dispute,
Tho' the lips would be silent, the eye cann't be mute,
For thy sweet lovely form o'er my heart holds such sway,
I swear that I love thee, by night and by day.

Some will marry a lass, and then pocket her gold,
Take to them a mistress that's fair to behold!
The wife that it came by, they wish from their sight,
On their mistress they'll spend it, by day and by night.

Though thou brought'st me no money that e'er I could see,
I have fortune enough, my dear Betsey, in thee;
A dowry thou'st sav'd me, I'll tell thee which way,
Thou'rt my wife and my mistress, by night and by day.

And when, my dear Bess, to the tomb I am gone,
Remember, thy husband and lover were one,
Look the great world around, and thou never canst see,
One to love thee so [illegible] so [illegible] as me.

When my soul's call'd to heav'n, for I'm sure to be in it,
I've no qualms of conscience that seem to forbid it,
I shall pensively wait, love, till thou com'st in sight,
Then, welcome thee to me, day, day without night.

SONG.

THE SETTING SUN.

"The Sun glides gently down the west,
The thrush sends forth his mellow note,
The dew will soon the fields refresh,
And earth resume its sable coat;
But when it's set, there's one will rise,
If lovely Mary told me true;
A sun to me, with sparkling eyes,
Her lips the sweet ambrosial dew—
Thy darkest robe, then, earth put on!
For Mary'll come at set of sun."

II.

This strain his faithful William sung,
While seated on the woodland stile—
A form from out the thicket sprung,
Which there had been conceal'd the while:
He flew to clasp it in his arms—
'Twas lovely Mary's self was there,

In all her blushing native charms,
She'll love for love, with William share,
Nor grieve that here in haste she run,
Or, William met at set of sun.

III.

Her sweet blue eyes, her cherry lips,
Her cheeks were dimpled by a smile,
Her teeth, in whiteness, far outstrips
The iv'ry, borne from Afric's Isle;
Her hair, it had an auburn dye,
Though lighter rather than I've seen,
Its lovely ringlets reach'd the eye,
And added lustre to it's beam—
Her gipsey-hat she had put on,
And William met at set of sun.

IV.

"Dear Mary, thou hast made me blest,
By thy sweet promise thus perform'd,
One promise more will give me rest,
Wilt thou be William's bride adorn'd
On Sunday next—'tis then I mean
To let the Parson seal our vows."
Her heaving bosom, had you seen,
You'd envy William of his spouse—
To church they went—the marriage done,
The bells rung round till set of sun!

EPIGRAM

On seeing a beautiful Woman transported with Rage and Passion, without a Cause.

The impassionate storm
That now ruffles that form,
And robs that sweet face of its beauty,
Robs thy husband of bliss,
The connubial kiss,
And forbids thee his love, or his duty.

That bosom once heav'd,
(Or thy love was deceiv'd)
With a passion and ardour sincere,
Now like Ætna its glow,
When his sides overthrow
That lava which makes the world fear!

Now that lava's congealing,
Thy soul's robb'd of feeling,
Thy cinder-scorch'd heart is calcin'd!
Thy love will disown
His alliance with stone,
And will banish thy form from his mind!

GRAYFACE.

ON THE SELLING OF

GRAYFACE,

AN OLD FAVORITE COW.

A Story from real Life.

THE Old Man said, "The cow it shall be sold,
She's past her best—she now is getting old;
Joseph and John, they know the way to th' town,
And if they sell her well, thou'lt have a gown,
Old Wife." A pause now follow'd this command—
His cause, or meaning, none could understand;
To part with Grayface was a harsh decree—
The children cried till they could scarcely see
Their suppers—whilst each spoonful that they took
Of her sweet milk, who was in age forsook,

Reminded them afresh how much they lov'd her,
For docile gentleness, how oft they'd prov'd her,
Since recollection dawn'd upon their mind,
They knew old Grayface, knew her good and kind;
Her helder yielded them their earliest food,
And love for Grayface mingl'd with their blood,
And now their little hearts were fill'd with sorrow,
To think that Grayface must be sold to-morrow.
Old Dame now reason'd with her aged spouse,
Reminded him how long they'd now kept house—
"I never did refuse to obey your will,
But part with Grayface! I must say it still,
It is a rash, unkind, and foolish notion!
No gown from her price e'er shall see devotion
On my back—in this I'll have my full say,
I'll go to church in clogs and linsey-woolsey,
Rather than purchase finery at her cost!
Try not to change my mind—'tis labour lost;
We've rear'd her from a calf, beneath our care,
The plenty she has made we've all had share,
My children she has rear'd with wholesome food,
And want and poverty could ne'er intrude,
Whilst Grayface yielded us a flowing pail,
We'd milk and cream at home, and we'd for sale

Love for Grayface.

Plenty of butter, which I've trudg'd to sell,
And bought us tea and sugar—you know it well
She fill'd the swill-tub, too, 'twas never empty,
Which fatten'd pigs, that made us live in plenty;
And now to part with her, because she's old!
You might as well sell me, because I scold."
She more had said, but Alice interferes,
And thus address'd her master, whilst her tears
Flow'd down her honest cheeks:—"Dear master, you
Know, at Christmas, I shall have six pounds due;
Keep Grayface, then, till I my wage receive,
I'll find a place—we both of us will leave."
These words had scarcely falter'd from her tongue—
A gen'ral cry was heard—and she was clung
Unto, by all the children's loving arms,
Who in their native innocence and charms,
Held up their faces which their grief express'd—
"Don't leave us, Alice, don't!"—suppose the rest,
For my weak lyre cannot here describe
How much they clung to her!—how much she cried!
The lesser ones she took upon her knee,
She wip'd their faces, for they scarce could see,
Their little tears so roll'd upon the cheek,
To hear that Alice would a fresh home seek;

Alice's Attachment.

She kiss'd them o'er and o'er, she dried their tears,
She said, she would not go, and eas'd their fears;
The young ones sat till sleep their heads did nod,
At whiles their bosoms heav'd a flutt'ring sob,
Till the last sigh, that heav'd them to repose,
Allay'd their grief, their eyes in sleep did close;
She look'd upon those innocents she lov'd,
Their sweet affection she had often prov'd,
But never witness'd such a scene as this,
And griev'd—one moment she'd disturb'd their bliss—
The younger one had still its spoon in hand,
Its half-eat supper did neglected stand;
For when he heard his Alice talk of leaving,
The boy forgot his hunger, in his grieving!
But, now, assur'd she'll stay, his heart's at rest,
His head reposes on her faithful breast!
She now consign'd them to their peaceful bed,
And on their pillow resting with her head,
Hums that sweet lullaby, that each one knows,
Then kiss'd "good night!"—'twas thus the evening clos'd.

The morn return'd, but all is still confus'd,
The Old Man every overture refus'd—
He'd said the word, and would not now gainsay—
"*If* once you let a wom an have her way,

Digression.

Good bye to comfort, order, and subjection."
This was his creed—think it no reflection
Of mine, on that soft sex I so admire,
Heaven's best and earliest gift, at man's desire
Granted, to soften sublunary wo,
To life a comfort, and to vice a foe!
Some casuists give to them "Man's earliest fall,"
They, as the weaker sex, must bear it all,
It is not fair, nor will my conscience bear it,
If there be blame, let man and woman share it;
'Tis kind of man, to shuffle off his conscience
Obedience to his God, with such like nonsense,
By loading lovely woman with the blame,
Saying, "With her that every evil came!"
'Tis no such thing—man err'd from earliest birth,
And woman's all of heav'n that's left on earth,
In temp'rance, honor, love, they're our superior,
In no one virtue are they our inferior,
Who says, man fell thro' them, let that disprove him,
Man only falls, when women cease to love him.

But I've digress'd—I'll onward with my tale—
See Alice seated with a flowing pail,
Which *Grayface* yields, unconscious what has past,
And that of milky store, this is the last

That e'er her milk-maid, Alice, sits to drain,
That e'er she'll sing to her that well-known strain,
Nor knows she now why Alice is so dull—
The song's neglected, for her heart's too full.
"I wonder (said she) who will milk thee next,
I fear in Liverpool thou wilt be vex'd
By some unkind and churlish milkman's lout,
Who'll use thee ill at home, nor turn thee out
To roam at large amidst some pleasant pasture,
I fear thou'lt miss me, too, in thy next master."
Whilst Alice was engag'd in such reflections,
The Old Man to his boys gave these directions—
"My lads, when you have driv'n her to th' town,
You'll ask nine pounds, and you must not come down
Lower than eight—but should no one give it,
When th' clock stikes four, the market you may leave it
And gently drive her home, for she'll be tir'd."
The Old Man finsh'd here, and then retir'd—
He could not bear the scene that now approaches,
For fear he might be loaded with reproaches.
The lads were ready, and the cow was loos'd,
Unconscious that she now must quit that boost
For ever, where she's been so kindly fed,
And where the cleanest straw was always spread,

Conclusion.

And where she'd yielded oft her milky store!
Alas! she leaves it to return no more!
The family's assembled in the yard,
To bid farewell!—as proof of their regard,
No eye without a tear compos'd the throng;
She smell'd their hands, she lick'd them with her tongue.
They pitied Grayface, stroak'd her speckl'd hide,
The grown-up people griev'd, the children cry'd,
When John and Joseph, each with heavy heart,
Compell'd Old Grayface with her friends to part.
For Liverpool they now have turn'd her head,
And o'er that parting, many a tear was shed.

FINIS.

POOR JEM'S LAMENT.

POOR JEM'S LAMENT

FOR THE

Loss of his Dog Quhay.

A JEU D' ESPRIT.

POOR JEM, he in the corner sits,
He smokes, he drinks, he mourns, by fits:
He's lost his dog, he's lost his wits,
So sore his grief!
For Quhay's loss no cure admits,
It scorns relief!

His face is red, his eyes are blue,
They shine like holes that are burnt through
A blanket—or what's still more new,
And like his eyes,
Two pickl'd gooseberries, in a stew,
Are just the size!

His hair is black and shining, but
'Tis something of the workhouse cut;
With open mouth, and eyes half shut,
Your sides would ache
With laughing, at the sport he'd put
On "Rosin cake!"*

And then, he'd sing from night till morn,
With pipe and pot, Old Care he'd scorn!
The chimney-corner he'd adorn,
Till time for bed;
But now, poor Jem is quite forlorn,
For Quhay's dead!

They'd brav'd through many a storm together,
With hearts as light as goose's feather,
Or duck's, or dove's, I care not whether,
So free's my Muse!
'Twill bend like parchment, wax, or leather!
'Twill ne'er refuse.

If ups and downs I here should name,
You must not tax my Muse with blame,
For be it known, poor Jem is lame!
And Quhay's proud!
As master limp'd, he limp'd the same,
To please the crowd.

---

* Jem gave a laughable imitation of the Welshman who stuns your ears by calling "Rosin-cake" about the street

His head look'd cunning, like the fox,
Right long and handsome were his locks—
He knew the streets, the piers, the docks,
In this great town;
If puppy lads his master mocks,
He'd fetch them down.

When Jem, he felt inclin'd to work,
Beneath his bench poor Quhay'd lurk,
He'd bark, he'd watch, snore, sleep, or snort,
But never flinch!
He'd watch, as does the Greek the Turk,
Nor yield an inch.

Old Cerberus, with his triple head,
Was never look'd on with such dread,
He guarded hell, but left his bed
At Hercules' will!
Had Quhay been there in his stead,
He'd been there still.

When Jem his coat and hat would brush,
Quhay would from his kennel rush,
To gain the street he'd stoutly push,
For well knew he
His master was prepar'd to lush,
And take a spree!

His tail would curl upon his back;
He, like his master, jokes would crack!
If public houses were found slack,
And comp'ny thin,
If thrown upon another tack,
'Twas same to him.

The public houses he knew well,
The favorite shops he soon could tell,
Their half-pick'd bones to Quhay fell,
With welcome greeting!
Which was most priz'd, 'twas hard to tell,
At each fond meeting.

With Jem, he once was put in Bridewell!
His master fought—he took his side well,
He bit the watch, who on his back fell,
And sprang his rattle;
Next day, at 'Change, they both were tried well,
T' explain the battle.

Jem made the Mayor a respectful bow,
Quhay could only say "bow wow,"
The watchman, he approaches now,
Nor seems he loath
To seal his lies with solemn vow,
To hang them both.

"How," says the Mayor, "is this all true?"
"No: gemmen, I'll appeal to you;
If you the whole transaction knew,
From end to end,
You'd give this lying thief his due,
And be our friend.

"Quhay and I were homeward trudging,
Our toil and labour never grudging,
I humm'd a tune—he took't in dudgeon,
And gave the lie;
Says I, my friend, we call that fudging—
He bung'd my eye."

"This was the signal, now, for battle,
I burst his nose,—I bon'd his rattle—
And Quhay, knowing well such cattle,
With all their tricks,
He bit, and threw this man of mettle,
Upon some bricks.

"But quickly we were overpower'd
By numbers, who, upon us shower'd
Their cudgels, whilst they call'd me coward,
Or such like name;
Ask Quhay, who's a second Howard,
If we're to blame."

This speech some mirth it did afford,
But Quhay never said a word,—
The Mayor, he smil'd, as might a lord,
Had such been plac'd;
They all proclaim, with one accord,
The watch disgrac'd.

About this time, that proclamation,
Which bore the Mayor's denunciation,
And promis'd death and denudation
Too bad for hogs,
Was read, with great disapprobation,
By all the dogs.

Quhay kept house a month or more,
He never walk'd the pier, the shore,
Sweet Everton, or what is more,
The Mount or Breck,
For fear of vengeance, threaten'd sore,
Against his neck.

A brewer's horse, 'twas said, ran mad,
The stated cause, "a bite he'd had,"
'Twas no such thing,—'twas Jerry Wag;
He did deplore
About the streets that stuff to drag,
So burst the door.

A milk-house woman, near Edge Hill,
Two cows she was oblig'd to kill!
So says report—but I say still,
'Twas other matter—
It turn'd their brains, their milk to fill
With so much water.

All these reports against them went,
The dogs, they felt great discontent,
Till on revenge and mischief bent,
Some ran them hard;
If caught, right quickly were sent
To Woods' Yard.

At length, grown tir'd with close confinement,
The want of air, or some employment,
Which gives e'en pleasure sweet allayment,
Made Quhay ramble;
He went with Jem, to make a payment,
And caus'd a scramble.

They walk'd the streets, quite unmolested,
No bagmen there the streets infested,
Quhay their name so much detested,
He'd run the lads,
Who tried to frighten him, their best did,
By calling—"*Bags!*"

No more of jokes—for now they're seen,
The damn'd Cecropean's bags do teem
With dogs, much prais'd at home, I ween,
Their masters' pride,
Now doom'd to stagnant waters green,
That's in Cheapside.

One of the crew now Quhay spied,
As walking by his master's side,
To seize him sly, the villain tried,
Which Jem disarms,
By giving Qu' a gentle ride
Within his arms.

Quhay the fellow's hand had bit,
And Jem had struck him with his stick,—
His mates all felt the maddening fit,
Prepar'd for slaughter;
But Jem was help'd with blow and kick,
From wife or daughter

Whose dogs already had been bagg'd,
Or drown'd, or kill'd, or sold, or scragg'd,
Whilst they, to save them, had been fagg'd,
And got abuse;
The general battle never lagg'd,
Till all's turn'd loose.

Poodle, lap-dog, cur and hound,
At liberty were shortly found,—
The empty bag lay on the ground,
Besmear'd with liquor;
When Noah's Ark first touch the mound,
Ne'er emptied quicker.

Now battle rages with the men,
Who one and all encounter Jem!
With stick, and foot, and fist he'll stem,
Till doom'd to fall!
They'll never wound his back again,
He's gain'd the wall.

Polybius, Livy, Sallust, too,
And all the battlemongering crew,
Inspire my pen with something new,
That I may tell,
How Jem, with bludgeon, claret drew,
From fiends of hell!

He dealt his blows both left and right,
Their broken heads, a dismal sight,
Proclaim'd him victor in the fight,
With loud acclaim!
His foes, oppress'd, and vanquish'd quite,
Declar'd the same.

Elated with his great success,
He follow'd up—who could do less?
Soon reinforcements sought redress,
And round him squeez'd
No pen his horror can express,—
They Quhay seiz'd!

Their prize in triumph now they bear,
To Woods' Yard they straight repair!
Old Briarens, had he been there,
With all his might,
In combat like to this unfair,
Could never fight.

Now Quhay, when upon the brink
Of Woods' pit, where he must sink!
He begg'd a while to speak and think,
He'd much to say;—
"I am in Nature's chain, a link!
Then let me pray!"

He bless'd the Mayor, the Corporation—
He bless'd the Rulers of the Nation—
He said they'd all his approbation,
Except one act,
And that—it merited damnation,
For dogs it sack'd!

He said the Tories all were right,
The Radicals were put to flight;
To Thomas Green he bid good night,
And Parson Shepherd—
He said, "If Williams is upright,
Then I'm a leopard!"

He bless'd the Mercury, and its pages,
"May they in wisdom grow, for ages,
And as it old and young engages,
Enlarge your print,
And let those figures sprawl on stages,—
There's nothing in't!"

The Courier, and the Advertiser,
And other Papers that's much wiser,
Which act as Mercantile Adviser,
He found no fault;
He'd recommend, lest they turn *miser*,
The use of malt!

Poor Quhay this injunction leaves:—
"Beware of rats, beware of thieves,
Next winter, you'll be plagu'd with these,
As sure as death!
'Tis that my latest moment grieves,
On losing breath.

"Poor Master, thou'lt but little feel,
For thou'st but little left to steal,
But thou'st a heart not made of steel!
I know thy way,
With grief, and drink, thy head will reel,
For many a day."

He now was going to prophecy,
Which did offend the standers by—
"In with him," was the general cry,
'Twas done by stealth!
If any one should think I lie,
Ask Jem himself.

FINIS.

THE

LIVERPOOL LAUREATE.

WHEN SIL. RICHMOND died, he left me the Town's Laureate,
It was nam'd in his will—I can bring one that saw it;
As I've never yet taken a survey o'th town,
I'll now give you an Ode—to the tune "Derry down."
Derry down, &c.

But what subject to start on,—my brain's in the stocks;
Shall I sing the New Market, or praise the New Docks?
Or the grand New Infirmary, in which we've all shares?
No:—I think I'll just give you a Chapter on Mayors!
Derry down, &c.

With WILLIAM, the first, then, I think I'll begin,
Who brought out a bye-law, "made kissing no sin;"
And to London he went, to establish the right—
Tho' he went up plain *William*, he came down a *Knight!*
Derry down, &c.

NAYLOR WRIGHT next was plac'd in the great Civic Chair,
He dealt out town's justice, impartial and fair;
He has travell'd much since, he has seen France an
And I think that next year, we must have him ag
Derry

A contest arose now, 'twixt BLUNDELL and CASE,
For Knighthood that year, it was thought would take place:
And this point of importance, which caus'd a great stir,
Whether *Thomas* or *Jon'than*, sounds best after *Sir*.

Derry down, &c.

Now Jonathan's name, (they pronounce it as such)
They thought it contain'd just two letters too much,
So our Burgesses wise did his bosom thus cheer,
If you'll give up the contest, you'st serve the next year.

Derry down, &c.

So, Thomas, he serv'd like a plain honest man,
He made no new laws, he devis'd no new plan;
By the thanks of the town he was amply requited,
And we are all very sorry he did not get knighted.

Derry down, &c.

Now, Jonathan serv'd without any resistance,
In widening streets he soon lent his assistance,
His plans of improvement, you'll think rather funny,
He sold the old streets, and built new ones with th' money.

Derry down, &c.

The next Mayor we had was with shipping connected,
He popp'd on the title which before was expected;
I must mention his name, for it stands me upon,
Though he came in *plain Tobin*, he went out *Sir John*.

Derry down, &c.

Then THOMAS came in, who the Fish-market glaz'd,
And for pleasing the women he got greatly prais'd;
And their thanks were emblazon'd, and shewn to the town:
What a pity they ever pull'd th' Fish-market down.

Derry down, &c.

I could say something more, but politeness forbids—
I'll now leave the females, and survey cellar lids,
For Thomas so closely shut every retreat,
If a cat were lock'd out, she might lay in the street.

Derry down, &c.

The joiners, who'd been rather slack just before,
Were call'd with their two-foot to measure each door;
And the fashion for new lids, so ardently rages,
They kick'd up a row, and they stood out for wages.

Derry down, &c.

The next Mayor we had, did some good for the town,
For each man that poll'd, had his money paid down;
The cash it was spent, and the town fill'd with laughter,
He had done so much good, there was none done at after.

Derry down, &c.

Whether RICHARD was fam'd for his justice or talking,
Or reforming old laws, or his country walking,
For he's nimble on foot, yet I'll make bold to say,
If I were a Mayor, I would ride half the day.

Derry down, &c.

The Squire of St. Anne-street, next came in his turn,
And a more feeling heart, blood has never made warm;
But in filling the chair, 'tis not there he must show it,
Yet he's kind to the poor, and there's thousands that know it.
Derry down, &c.

Charles Lawrence came next, and the dogs went to rack,
For each Constable went through the streets with a sack:
'Tis thus they account for't, but I think it all stories,
It was told him on 'Change, "that the Dogs were all Tories."
Derry down, &c.

Now we've Blundell again, and none think it unfair,
He's the heartiest Cock that e'er sat in the Chair,—
He can grace the Saloon, he can shine at the Pontacks,
He can widen our Streets, he can lay open "Contracts."
Derry down, &c.

Now my Chapter is done, for conclusion it calls,
I'll just give my opinion about "Common Halls,"
We've no call for them here, we're not much in the dark,
Whilst we've Blundell for Mayor, and Statham Town Clerk.
Derry down, &c.

THE END.

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